

In this issue

Pres. Heber J. Grant, Pres. J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Nephi L. Morris,
Earl J. Glade, Prof. Joseph F. Smith and Dr. Lowry Nelson.

The IMPROVEMENT ERA



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The Cover:

THE Church Office Building, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, wherein are located the offices of the First Presidency, the Quorum of the Twelve, the First Council of the Seventy, the Presiding Patriarch, the Church Historian, the Department of Education, and Accounting, Missionary and Business offices. Completed in April, 1917, at a cost of nearly one million dollars, this Ionic structure is architecturally one of the most impressive edifices in the West.

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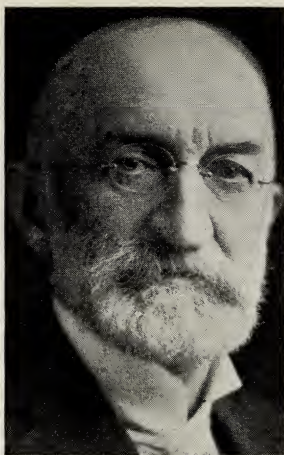
Photograph by Walter P. Cottam.

SONG of the FIELD

By VESTA P.
CRAWFORD

UPON this field so long the snow has lain
As ermine mantle wide and billowed deep;
Unto this field has come the early rain
In silver splash to wake the earth from sleep;
Today the springtime walks across the land
And sings unto the waiting furrowed field
Old words of promise that I understand
As even now I hope for Autumn's yield.

Though clock of time shall mark my numbered years,
And heart of mine shall lose its youthful song,
The earth shall last beyond our little fears,
The days of earth are one great cycle long;
This level field I till shall ever be
My gift unto the land's eternity!



President Heber J. Grant

ON FOLLOWING COUNSEL

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

"Men who have sufficient faith to trust in God, come out of difficulties, financial and otherwise, in a most miraculous and wonderful way!" So says the author in this special editorial, written for The Improvement Era by its Editor-in-Chief, President Grant, who recalls incidents in the life of the late Brigadier General Richard W. Young which show a remarkable record of good fortune resulting from following counsel.

had no doubt he would make a success as a lawyer, and would repay the loan.

After he had partially arranged for the money to pay his expenses for his education as a lawyer he said to me: "Heber, inasmuch as grandfather blessed me and set me apart as an army missionary, do you think it is proper for me to resign that missionary labor without consulting his successor, President John Taylor?"

I told him it would not be right. He consulted President Taylor and he was told to remain in the army. It was a great disappointment to Richard.

When he secured his appointment in the army after his graduation, he

was assigned to Governor's Island, a few minutes' ride from New York City. He entered Columbia Law School in New York, was graduated with honors, and during the time of securing his education he received a salary as second lieutenant and had quarters for himself and his family on Governor's Island, then counted by many as the finest army post in the entire United States. He not only escaped being in debt several thousand dollars for his legal education, but in addition received a salary while securing his education.

After he had been graduated from Columbia Law School, General Winfield Scott Hancock, who was in command at Governor's Island, commended him on the industry he had exhibited in preparing himself for the battle of life. General Hancock remarked that many of the graduates of West Point were good—I would not be positive of the exact language—to marry millionaires' daughters; that the millionaires would throw their daughters, figuratively speaking at the heads of the graduates, and the girls had no trouble at all falling in love with men wearing brass buttons. And as the youngsters who married millionaires' daughters had no need to think of their future financially, or to prepare themselves for the battle of life, the General said, they didn't make very much of a record.

General Hancock also said he wished he could permanently promote Richard W. Young, but as that was out of the question he was pleased that he could do one thing for him, and that was, to choose him as one of his own staff officers. He remarked: "Lieutenant Young, you are chosen on my staff with the rank of major."

I was in New York City at the funeral of ex-President U. S. Grant.

I HAVE decided to write occasionally for the *Era* readers on the benefits to be gained from listening to and following the advice that may be given by the President of the Church, and will relate as examples incidents from the life of my nearest and dearest friend, the late Brigadier General Richard W. Young.

As a young man Richard graduated as a cadet at West Point, and before going to the school he was set apart by his grandfather, President Brigham Young, to serve as a missionary while in the school, and then, after graduation, to continue as a missionary in the army.

After his graduation there was a surplus, so he assured me, of graduates from West Point, and more second lieutenants than the army needed, and it was considered no disgrace whatever for the graduates to resign; on the contrary, the government was pleased to receive their resignations, with the understanding that they would volunteer should our country ever be engaged in war.

Richard consulted his uncle, Col. Willard Young, and other friends, including myself, stating that he would like to resign, as he was the only living child of his widowed mother; he hated to be separated from her, and an army career would not permit him to be near her.

Some of us agreed to loan him money to secure a legal education, which would cost, he thought, from four to six thousand dollars. We

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

*Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on thy head.*

*Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.*

*His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.*

*Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.*

—William Cowper.



The late Brigadier General Richard W. Young as he appeared shortly before going overseas during the World War.

As I recall it the procession was over five miles long. I was watching the procession from one of the insurance offices on Broadway, and it filled my heart with pride and gratitude to see a grandson of Brigham Young riding with the commanding general on the first line of that great five mile funeral procession.

After graduating as a lawyer Richard still kept in mind his wish to return to Salt Lake City, to be at home with his mother and to help take care of her, but feared that with the limited salary he was getting after graduation from West Point he could do little or nothing for her.

Subsequently, when the permanent Judge Advocate-General had been given a special assignment at Washington, General Hancock appointed Richard temporary Judge Advocate-General of the eastern department of the army, and, as I remember, was working to have him permanently appointed Judge Advocate-General of the Missouri department at the time General Hancock died.

Richard then fell back to the rank of lieutenant, as another Pharaoh, figuratively speaking, had arisen who did not know Joseph. Richard came home on a vacation, and in the meantime I had become one of the Apostles. He then asked me, also his uncle Brigham Young, Jr., to plead with President Taylor

to permit him to resign, as he had secured his education as a lawyer and wanted to come home and get behind him the starvation period of a young legal graduate.

Brother Brigham Young, Jr., and I argued to the best of our ability at a meeting in the old Endowment House for Richard to be released from the army. Some others spoke in favor of his resignation, and when we had finished our talks, President Taylor said: "The time has not yet arrived for that young man to resign from the army."

This was a very great disappointment to Richard. He wanted to know what the reasons were. I told him there were no reasons given, only that President Taylor said he ought not to resign.

He said: "I would like to have some reasons."

I smiled and said: "Richard, he did not give any reasons when he told you to stay in the army, and you secured your education free of debt and were paid a salary by the government while you were doing so, and upon graduating you were honored by being chosen on the staff of General Hancock. I think you can now well afford to take the advice of President Taylor."

He said: "Oh, I wouldn't think of doing anything else, but I wish there were some reasons."

I assured him that when Brother Taylor said, "Your young friend ought to stay in the army," I had an impression that that was exactly the right thing.

RICHARD was on his way to his new assignment—I have forgotten to what place he was assigned—when he met one of his fellow students who had graduated in the same class, and he was bewailing his fate because he had to come way out to Utah, while he thought Richard—as I remember the expression—was a lucky dog, in having the appointment which had been assigned to him, having previously had the best place in the army, namely, Governor's Island, and then getting another fine appointment.

Richard suggested to his fellow graduate that they apply to the Secretary of War for an exchange of assignments. They did so; the exchange was made, and Richard was stationed at Fort Douglas for four years, and was able to be in the law office of his relative, the late LeGrande Young, and get through

what is known as the starvation period of four years as a young lawyer, drawing a good salary from the government and having a fine residence at Fort Douglas without expense.

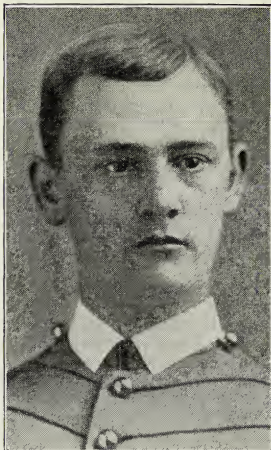
The day that the announcement was made that Richard's assignment at Fort Douglas had expired I called at President John Taylor's office—I have forgotten for what purpose—and he said, "I see by the morning paper that your dear friend, Richard W. Young's term has expired at Fort Douglas, and he is about to go East. You may tell him that the time has now arrived for his missionary labors in the army to end, and he is at liberty to resign."

Faith, we are told, is a gift of God, and Richard had the faith to accept the counsel and advice of President Taylor, and it is little less than wonderful that he should have secured the finest post, so considered, in the army, secured his education without running into debt, and received a salary from the government while securing it.

Certainly God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

My experience is that men who have sufficient faith to trust in God come out of difficulties, financial and otherwise, in a most miraculous and wonderful way.

This photograph of Richard W. Young was taken at about the time of his graduation from the United States Military Academy at West-Point in June, 1882.





President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

The Place of the M. I. A. in the Church Program

By PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

Of the First Presidency of the Church

This article by President Clark is a part of an address prepared for the Sunday evening session of the M. I. A. Conference, June 9, 1935, in the Tabernacle, but which, for lack of time, was delivered incompletely on that occasion. Herein are answered ever-recurring questions pertaining to the relationship of the Priesthood and the Church and their Auxiliary Organizations, with specific emphasis on the Mutual Improvement Associations.

ANY discussion about the place of the Mutual Improvement Association in the Church and in Church work may well be prefaced by considering what the Church is and what it is not, and in order that we may get rid of the negative thought first, because negatives are not fighting units, they are frequently conquered troops in retreat, I will consider what the Church is not. I may say here, that to be just passively good, not bad, will not meet the ends of righteousness; we must be militant in our goodness; we must make war upon evil wherever it is found.

Our Church is not merely a great social organization; it is this much and more. Social life is only a part, and an ancillary part of the work of the Church. Men should mingle together socially. This the Master did. The material welfare of men is of high importance, but it is not the end of existence.

The Church is not a school or system of ethics, for ethics are the empty shell, the husk of spirituality; they are the whited sepulchre of living truth. From the earliest days of Christendom ethics have gone down before truth. The teachings of the Church are in the highest degree ethical, but these teachings are not a mere system of ethics.

The Church is not merely a university, or a college, although all truth falls within the scope of the Gospel. The Master proclaimed Himself a scientist when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto thee that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these." These

are the words of the scientist rather than of the spiritualist, and no scientist examining the beauties of the flower could do otherwise than echo the Savior's words. The Gospel comprehends all truth, material and spiritual, but the work of the Church must primarily be with those things which concern the spirit.

The Church is not a debating club—a polysophical society. Free, honest, truth-searching discussion is encouraged, but explorations into doctrines of error are not to be made. Right, not wrong, is the concern of the Church. We do not teach a child constantly that two plus two does not equal ten. We do not constantly reiterate to the child the errors of mathematics. No teacher versed in psychology would think of doing this. We teach the child that two plus two equals four. If the child suggests that two plus two makes five, or six, or ten, he is reproved and brought back to the fundamental fact in order that his mind may work with mathematical accuracy. As with mathematical truths, so with all other truths, so with the principles of the Gospel.

History shows that the early Church began to fall away, to be led off into by and forbidden paths, when the early Christians began to study paganism and to try to harmonize Christianity with the principles of the old pagan religion. The efforts of today to draw into our Church curricula of study, doctrines essentially pagan, drawn from pagan sources, will bring to us the same result. God has given to us the truth direct; it has not come to us from false or pagan philosophies, even though such philosophies have part of the truth. God has never required His people to learn His

truth from paganism, whether that paganism be philosophic or scientific. The effort to harmonize Christianity with early paganism was one of the most potent causes of the Great Apostasy from the early Apostolic Church. We should not go to the domain of error to search out truth. Truth must be sought and will be found in the realms of truth.

Finally, I conceive the Church is not an experimental laboratory for spiritual vivisection. We may not, merely to extend our knowledge or gratify our whimsical curiosity, touch the electrically charged wire of doubt and disbelief to this or that spiritual muscle, to this or that spiritual ganglion, or to this or that spiritual nerve, merely that we may watch the reaction and pain of the human soul, or that we may test its fidelity and constancy. We may not dissect the soul or operate upon it. Our crude instruments lacerate and infect; they do not heal.

To those who brought to Him the woman taken in sin, and who tempted Him by quoting the Mosaic law of death, Jesus said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And after conscience-condemned men had slunk away, and He had asked where they were, and she had said that they were gone, and that no one of them had accused her, Jesus said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

This was the method of the Master's laboratory. He might, on occasion, condemn with the righteous indignation of divinity. But He never tortured the human soul; He never planted doubt; His was always a healing ministration. To save, to exalt, not to harass or to destroy the spiritual life, was His mission.

THE CHURCH embraces all these various matters I have named, insofar as they cover truth, for all truth is our concern; in fact, having in mind the destiny of the perfect man who shall become a creator, it is obviously necessary that he shall have all truth involved in the making of a material and spiritual world. This is man's destiny; therefore all truth is his concern.

So much for what the Church is not.

Turning now to the question, What is the Church: I conceive the Church to be the organized Priesthood of God, drawn up in battle formation to carry on unceasing war against error wherever error is to be found. The conquests of this battle formation are not to be of the things of the earth, but of the unseen world of error here and of the world to come. The Priesthood is essential to the Church, but the Church is not essential to the Priesthood.

The Church is a growing organism, developing to meet the needs of its members and to satisfy the requirements of the mission of the Church itself, and that mission, the purpose of the Church, is to propagate, spread, and maintain the Gospel of Christ, "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth," for, said Paul, "though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel to you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

The Church operates upon the individual, the Priesthood operates upon the individual, trying to get that individual to see and to understand truth, and then to live it, to enjoy the blessings of the Priesthood, to exercise its powers, to meet its responsibilities. The Church must first teach, encourage, assist, and protect the individual member in his striving to live the perfect life. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," said the Master.

Next, the Church must maintain, teach, encourage, and protect the membership as a group.

Third, the Church must militantly proclaim the truth, call men to repentance and to live in obedience to the Gospel. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "And he said unto them: Go ye into all the

world, and preach the gospel to every creature." For "Every knee must bow and every tongue confess."

In the Church there can be no inactivity of membership. The duties of this Priesthood in the "Camp of Israel" provide work for all, and these duties are the priestly manual of arms.

Every individual must save himself by his own works, no priestly fiat can bring salvation; there is no vicarious salvation; among the living there is no saving office or duty that someone else can do for you; the actions of others may neither mar nor make your own salvation. Every law is a personal law, every covenant a personal covenant. There is no privileged class. Sin does not become righteousness because a privileged person commits it.

Whatever the activity of any branch or organization of the Church may be, it must always be in view, that the great prime essential of life is a knowledge of the Gospel and its living that we may be saved. All else is ancillary and subordinate to this, and all is directed to this end. Any activity which does not meet this test must go, remembering that all truth is part of the Gospel.

NOW THERE are certain instrumentalities of the Church by which all this is to be carried on.

In the first place there is the administration of the affairs of the Church, to be carried on by the presiding authorities, supplemented by the authorities of the stakes, the wards, the priesthood, and the auxiliary organizations. Each authority has its place and its work, for the Church is a church of order.

Then we have the Priesthood organized into quorums, whose duty it is to teach to the Priesthood of the quorums.

Next we have the Sunday Schools and the Primary which, along with the Priesthood quorums, teach the Gospel.

We have also the Priesthood proclaiming the Gospel outside the Church. This teaching of the Gospel, both in our own organization and as propaganda, relates almost exclusively to its purely religious truth aspect, as distinguished from its *all truth* aspect.

Then as a part of the Church activity, we have the Relief Society, the oldest of the auxiliary organizations, charged with the care of the sick, the poor, the needy, the distressed, and those who mourn.

We know in practice that these various activities are likely to overlap, and one of the urgent needs attending the work of the various Church organizations is a mutual co-operative study and consideration by them of their work, to the end that overlapping and duplication shall be, so far as possible, eliminated, and complete coordination exist.

Now in all these activities, as I understand them, the Mutual Improvement Association takes a helpful part. When the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was organized, President Young said that its purpose was to give to the young men a testimony of the Gospel, in order that they might understand it and live in accordance with its principles. A like purpose inspired the organization of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Thus, as I conceive the duty and the place of the Mutual Improvement Associations in the Church, they are these: They must, in coordination with the other instrumentalities which I have named, bring first and foremost into their work the spirit of the Gospel, to the end that the Gospel may be known and understood by our youth, that a testimony of its truths may be obtained, that the young people may live in accordance with its lofty principles. Every activity must lead to this end.

It seems to me personally that every Mutual Improvement Association program for every evening should begin its work with some proper Gospel thesis, in order, first, that this Gospel thesis might be instilled into the hearts and minds of the young people, and, next, that this Gospel thesis might be a background upon and before which all the other activities of the Mutual Improvement Association for the evening should be grouped. This would give to the Mutual activities that spiritual atmosphere without which the Mutuals have no real reason of existence.

In my view the teaching of the Gospel in the Primaries, the Sunday Schools, and the Priesthood quorums, to which I have already referred, should be carefully and strictly coordinated with the teaching of the Gospel in the Mutual Improvement Association. I repeat, it seems to me that there should be consultation and coordination among all the teaching and activity instrumentalities of the Church, in

order that each should strictly occupy the field allotted to it. Otherwise some things will be over-emphasized and other things entirely overlooked.

Thus far I have spoken only of the Gospel. I have in mind, however, the great other truths not strictly belonging to the spiritual side of the Gospel as we understand it, but nevertheless a part thereof because the Gospel embraces all truth. I venture to repeat that we should always have in view the destiny of man—that he is to go on and on, eternally progressing until he himself, through knowledge, shall be able to create worlds, possessing fully all knowledge of whatever kind it may be. But I am now thinking particularly, in connection with the Mutual Improvement Association, of the cultural things of our lives, those things which touch upon our citizenship in this great country.

IT SEEMS to me that in no other place than in the Primary Association and the Mutual Improvement Associations can the youth of this Church so well or appropriately receive, shall I say spiritual instruction in music, in art, in literature, in history, in the drama—those great cultural elements which go to make up a rounded man and woman and a cultured society. I am not thinking of the teaching of these things as they are taught in the secular schools; we are not to teach them as a course in college is taught; we will make a sorry failure of any such effort, for it is not our function. I am thinking of teaching these things solely looking to their relation to our spiritual development. It seems to me that the bringing of these cultural elements into a proper relation to our spiritual growth and development, and it can be done, is particularly a field for the Mutual Improvement Association.

Personally, and I speak only personally, I am hoping that the Mutual Improvement Associations will not give up competitive work in these various cultural departments, under proper rules and supervision, because I believe that out of such work there has been built and is building among the members of our Church a musical, artistic, literary, and dramatic culture unequalled in any other part of the world by any equal or even greater group than ours.

So, as I see the work of the M. I. A. roughly outlined, it is this:

First, the spirit of the Gospel must penetrate into all the recesses of its work, and this spirit must be the foundation of everything that is taught. To my mind, a part at least of each session of the Mutual Improvement Association must be devoted to some Gospel work, in coordination, I repeat, with the Sunday Schools, the Primary, and the Priesthood quorums.

Next, it seems to me, but subject always to the first, the bulk of your work in the Mutuals is to be connected with the great cultural activities which I have just named, not by way of giving scholastic work in this field—we are not fitted to do this—but by way of making the lofty and ennobling beauty of art, music, literature, and drama, act as the handmaid of righteousness and spirituality.

And now there is one thing more that I would like further to emphasize: I mean purity of life among our young people—cleanliness of mind and cleanliness of body. Cleanliness is next to Godliness and not far removed therefrom. The uncleanly person—spiritually uncleanly person—cannot be a tabernacle for the Spirit of the Lord.

Each one of us has in him a spirit and intelligence which, if we are to judge by the activities of our bodies, the carrying on of the work of our bodies, is far more intelligent than our conscious mind. Thus there appears to be, indeed it seems to me we are driven to declare, that there is a great wealth of intelligence which cannot be made available through the ordinary senses that are part of mortality. They are more fully available through our mental processes, and still more fully available through certain super-mental or spiritual processes, the extent of their availability being wholly dependent upon the righteousness of our lives.

I can think of the problem in this way: an electric wire comes into your home, charged with enough electricity completely to light your whole house. Whether it does so or not depends upon how much of that current so delivered, you are able to use. You can put upon that wire a thousand watt globe and get a thousand watt light, or you can put upon that wire a small globe and get a candle light. How much light you get depends upon how much resistance you throw into the circuit. The more resistance thrown in, the less light comes through.

AS I SEE the matter so is it with our intelligences. We have enough intelligence, enough spiritual current, completely to enlighten our souls. How much we get through depends upon the amount of resistance we throw into that circuit of spirit. Each coil of resistance thrown in, lessens by that much the light which comes out. Every evil thought and act is a resistance coil. If we keep constantly thinking evil thoughts, if we keep constantly doing evil deeds, we throw finally into the circuit so much resistance that little if any light can come through. This last is the condition of the man and the woman who fail to live in righteousness under the principles of the Gospel; sin and iniquity obstruct the spiritual current from passing through.

The work of the Mutual Improvement Association is to bring into the lives of the young people of this Church a knowledge of the fact that they must be pure in their lives, that they must commit no sin, that their thoughts must be lofty, that their acts must correspond therewith, that they must live righteously in accordance with the commandments of the Lord.

I have tried broadly to indicate to you what I conceive to be the functions of the Mutual Improvement Association. I again repeat that underlying everything that is done must be the purpose of teaching the Gospel. There is no activity in which you can engage which must not furnish something to that spiritual growth, and in so far as it fails to yield that service it must be cast out.

I like to think of you as in your youth building the foundation of these great cultural elements which I have mentioned, music, literature, art, and the drama. I want also to think of these things entering into your recreation, for I see these cultural elements as part of your recreational plan. Again I say none of them is of any use at all unless it administers to your spirituality. No one ever danced his way into heaven, but dancing before the Lord, from the time of David on, has been something which pleased the Lord. No one ever fiddled himself into heaven, and yet nothing in sound is more divine and more uplifting than a violin well played. Again I say to you that all of these things must be so coordinated, so worked out, that in the end they shall, combined, develop the spirituality which the Lord requires of us.



Nephi L. Morris.

IN THIS colorful narrative of speed and thrills and world renown the author describes a career unparalleled in the history of sport, in which unequalled endurance and unyielding determination triumph. Nephi L. Morris, distinguished western civic leader, business executive, and churchman, knew Ab in his boyhood; knew his family, and tells the story, among others, of the mother whose son became honored and who shares her son's honor as reward for her wise counsel and upright example. The author finds Ab to be much more than a racer. He is an experimental engineer working to produce better cars, better engines and greater automotive efficiency for safer motoring; and above all, Ab is found to be an advocate and exemplar of clean living. Europe calls him "superman;" Utah calls him "Ab."

AB JENKINS— SUPERMAN OF SPEED AND ENDURANCE

By NEPHI L. MORRIS

THIS LONE MORMON BOY HAS ESTABLISHED MORE WORLD RECORDS THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN THE HISTORY OF SPORT. WHILE MANY CHAMPIONS ARE SELLING THEIR ENDORSEMENTS TO CIGARETTE AND LIQUOR INTERESTS DAVID ABBOTT JENKINS GIVES CREDIT TO CLEAN HABITS AND SIMPLE LIVING FOR THE ENDURANCE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM NEARLY A THOUSAND RECORDS.



Ab Jenkins, internationally renowned champion of speed and endurance, pictured behind the wheel of his car as he appears before going into action.

DAVID ABBOTT (AB) JENKINS, uncrowned king of Utah's Bonneville salt flats, internationally eminent speed and endurance racer, and distinguished champion of clean and simple living, has established more world records than any other man in the history of sport. During his spectacular career nearly a thousand marks have fallen before his flying wheels.

As one who in an outstanding manner has and is and will yet make a still larger contribution to the advancement of transportation in its more modern aspects several thousand Utahns gathered together in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on January 8, 1936, for the purpose of noting his achievements and testifying to his secure place in the hearts and estimation of the men and women

among whom he was reared and prepared for his distinguished service to the world's progress.

Among those who voiced their tributes to Ab Jenkins on that occasion were Elder George Albert Smith, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, and Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon of the General Authorities of the L. D. S. Church, Mr. W. E. Ryberg, President of the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce, and the writer.

It is well for the people of Utah and particularly for the youth of our country at large, to take into account the factors that in his otherwise average life made for distinction and honor. Behind every distinctive

achievement there are well defined factors. Thousands have the opportunity but the one prepared man steps in and wins the honor while the others either envy or admire.

The late Woodrow Wilson once named the "eight horses of triumph," or in plainer language, enumerated the essential factors of achievement in the lives of men. Without them, or similar qualities, no man writes his name on the pages

of history. Here they are as he named them: Force of Character, Readiness of Resources, Clearness of Vision, Grasp of Intellect, Courage of Conviction, Earnestness of Purpose, Instinct and Capacity for Leadership. Every trait mentioned is found in the character of David Abbott Jenkins.

Ab Jenkins was born in Spanish Fork, Utah. His parents came from a small town in Wales, England, to Kansas City, where his father was superintendent in a steel mill. Later they moved to Salt Lake City. He spent his childhood days in the humble but thrifty community known as the Fifteenth Ecclesiastical Ward on the west side of Salt Lake City. With his father and mother and five sisters and one brother he lived in a small five-apartment adobe row of cottages, facing the D. & R. G. track on Sixth West between South Temple and First South. One primitive adobe structure of the identical type still survives.

With a body organically well-nigh perfect he early found pleasure in competitive athletics of the simplest kind. Those who knew him as a youngster in Salt Lake City say that he was never beaten in a foot race. As a barefoot boy he used to match his speed and endurance against other youngsters in the neighborhood by running against them as they relayed each other around a city block. In other words he constituted a one man relay team. Racing around the block soon developed his unusual powers of endurance. Later he acquired a bicycle and the Old Salt Palace Saucer track afforded him an opportunity to prove his mechanical skill in cycling and in developing mental and nerve control.

Residents of Salt Lake City also still tell about Ab's "schooner" feats and how he used to build his own sleds on which he sped down dangerous hills at break-neck speed. M. O. Ashton, Manager of the Sugar House Lumber Co., still tells of some of his hair-raising rides on the Jenkins' sleds down Salt Lake's First North and other breath-taking hills.

If circumstances had permitted his continuing in school, Ab would have probably been one of the nation's really great athletes. He excelled not only in field events but also in other tests of strength. In weight lifting competition he was never beaten, although he has matched his strength with that of some of the

Salt Lake City, Utah,
December 27, 1935.

Pres. Heber J. Grant,
47 East South Temple,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear President:

Referring to our conversation of this date, relative to the showing of my picture in your office. . . This picture is a tribute to our people and brings out something of what I have been able to accomplish by adherence to the Word of Wisdom throughout the competition I have engaged in for the past several years all over the country.

I wish to emphasize the fact that in the picture it is shown that I do not smoke, drink or chew, and on the car there is an inscription which tells that I am a Mormon from Utah.

In 1928 on the Atlantic Speedway with identical cars, four of the best drivers in this country competed. These four men drove the same car and changed drivers every two hours, while I drove my car alone without relief twenty-four hours, and I was in better condition at the end of the race than any one of the men and I was twenty years older than the oldest one competing. I am convinced that I never would have been able to accomplish what I have without having always observed the Word of Wisdom.

Sincerely yours,



country's professional strong men.

But fate decreed that Jenkins' name should never grace the pages of college athletics. His only brother died several years ago and when Ab was fourteen his father was taken away and the mother left with the widow's lot to fight her way through life and provide for her children and to make of them the best of which they were capable. At fourteen years Ab's career began. He assumed the place of the provider for the family as far as his years and abilities would permit.

NATURALLY energetic, he found employment in the railroad shops of the Denver and Rio Grande Western where he served as apprentice in decorating and sign writing. While working in the shops he bought a city lot, finally acquiring title to it, following a long period of monthly payments. He then left the railroad shops, borrowed money and built a house. He soon sold the house and thereupon entered the contracting business. His building operations eventually reached beyond the confines of his native state into Wyoming and Idaho. While in this business he gained an enviable reputation for honesty and fair dealing. On more than one occasion he has ordered his men to tear down an entire wall or rip up a floor because they had used inferior materials or slighted their work.

Despite his business activity Jenkins always seemed to be able to find time to indulge in his favorite hobby—speed. His achievements in motorcycle speed events are still topics of conversation for residents of Blackfoot, Idaho, where he established the real foundation for his future world renown as a speed artist. On one occasion he was painfully injured in a motorcycle spill on the highway between Salt Lake City and Blackfoot, suffering several broken ribs, a dislocated shoulder, a broken nose, and numerous cuts. The doctor ordered him to bed. Disregarding these orders, he surprised the crowd at the Blackfoot Fair the next day by appearing on the race track swathed in bandages and splints. His iron will refused to be cowed, and he won every event of the day.

And while successfully engaging in the manly business of contracting, where honest building is an element of success, he found opportunity to



Jenkins in action, showing a broad view of Utah's Bonneville salt flats with the speeding car and driver snapped in the foreground as they pass near the judges' stand.

test his abilities in the manipulation of automobiles, both in mechanical improvements and in speeding. Many a suburban contest led him to the large open field of the world's motoring. At this time of his life, as his financial status improved, he entered the field of experimental engineering and through practice and his natural ability he was soon able to duplicate his motorcycle skill with an automobile. Learning that a noted professional cross-country driver was out to establish a transcontinental record, Jenkins undertook to overtake the driver after he had passed through Salt Lake City on his way to the Coast. To the driver's great surprise and chagrin Ab met him in Los Angeles. After a decade or more, this boy, from the West Side of Salt Lake stands crowned with more world's records in motor driving than any living man.

In 1926 with an automobile, he raced the crack passenger train of two railway systems from New York

to San Francisco—a distance of 3200 miles. He made that distance over anything but perfect roads in 86 hours, 20 minutes. He beat the train.

From this achievement William Randolph Hearst started a campaign of criticism through the far-reaching agencies of his press system and provoked the railways to awaken to a sense of public needs if they wished to continue to serve the country as passenger carriers. As a result of this achievement of Ab Jenkins, and Mr. Hearst's jibes and taunts, the passenger service west of Chicago was brought up to the standard of that which had been rendered from Chicago east.

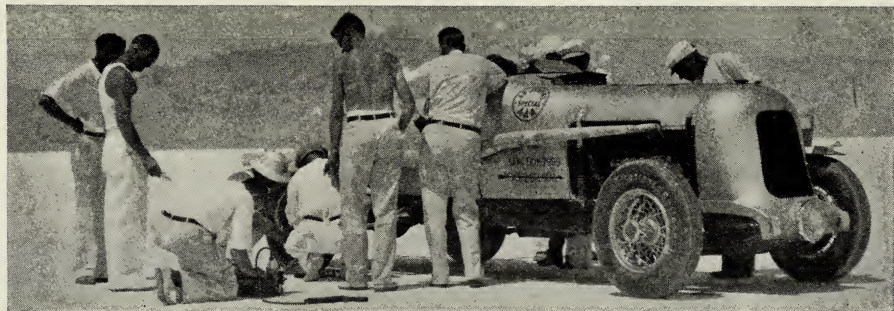
Finally his speed hobby became his business and he joined the Studebaker Corporation of America, participating in that company's great 30,000 mile run in 1928. A short time after he made a dawn-to-dawn drive on the Atlantic City Speedway, averaging better than 85 miles an hour. After touring the country and visiting every state in the Union, he finally became identified with Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company in Buffalo. From that time on, his reputation spread to every quarter of the globe.

In 1931 he crossed the continent by auto in 54 hours, 10 minutes, again beating all railroad records for the journey.

Also, in 1931, Jenkins made a record-breaking tour across the continent climbing with an auto sixty-five of the country's most difficult hills. On this trip he broke every hill-climbing record in the United States. It was on this trip that he did the "Giant's Despair" at Wilkesbarre, Pa., which is recognized as the toughest hill in the country.

But it was before this, back in 1923, that Jenkins discovered the value of the now famous salt beds at Salduro, Utah, for auto speeding. On more than one occasion he entertained the passengers on the east and west bound trains by traveling faster over these salt flats than could the fastest trains of the system. Jenkins and our other famous racer of years gone by, "Bill" Rischell (an early-day transconti-

Service on the salt flats, showing a group of mechanics, engineers, and AAA contest officials inspecting and servicing Ab Jenkins car while it pauses during one of the spectacular runs of the summer of 1934.



mental bicycle racer) preceded all others in the use of the salt beds of ancient Lake Bonneville. To these two illustrious names we should add those of Gus Backman of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and Mr. K. C. Wright of the Utah State Road Commission. These compose the quartette whose cooperative efforts have made the salt beds famous for auto speeding. They are the men who have "sold" the salt flats to the racing world and, incidentally, have also sold Utah to an increasingly large number of "fans" in the world.

ON THE salt beds of Utah in the fall of 1932, Ab Jenkins startled the world by driving twenty-four consecutive hours at a speed of more than 112 miles an hour. In 1933 he raised this average to 117 miles an hour. Not satisfied with this achievement he returned to his beloved salt beds again in August, 1934, and established the almost unbelievable record of 127.2 miles an hour for twenty-four hours. The world stood aghast at the announcement of this achievement.

But no man can occupy the throne of any sport without meeting the challenge of those who would wrest his laurels from him. Following Ab's 1934 twenty-four hour run, there came from across the sea, rumors to the effect that the finest racing crews of Europe would come to the salt beds of Utah to recover the records this lone American had taken from them.

Jenkins himself headed a committee organized to promote the invasion of the European speed kings. Instead of fearing competition he welcomed it and spent considerable money in sound motion pictures and other data to be shown before the British Race Drivers Association. On one occasion he spent nearly three weeks at Daytona Beach, Florida, persuading Sir Malcom Campbell to try the salt beds. In the meantime, he was designing and building a 350 horsepower streamlined speed car with which to defend his records.

On the day of July 4th, 1935, John Cobb, giant English speed ace, landed in Salt Lake City. With him were Reid Railton, famous British engineer and manufacturer, and a crew of crack drivers, mechanics, tire experts and service men. When they uncanted their car, Ab's supporters were filled with serious misgivings. Every detail of its construction spelled "Speed." Underneath its hood was a giant airplane

engine of nearly twice the size of the motor in the Jenkins car. Yes, the English had come—and they had come prepared.

With a fine showing of sportsmanship Ab withdrew from the race course on the Bonneville salt beds, that his English competitors might have every advantage in their conquest. It was genuine western hospitality at its best. When the British drivers, led by the daring Cobb were successful in wiping out most of Ab's records, he was the first to congratulate them. They had shorn him of his laurels—but not for long.

His task of regaining the records with an automobile engine of half the size of the big British Napier seemed almost hopeless, but Jenkins went about his preparations with the calm assurance that has marked all his ventures.

Late in August, after the English drivers had been given a rousing welcome back in England, Ab started on his fifth 24-hour grind. Hour after hour he piloted the 350 horsepower supercharged Duesenberg, designed and streamlined by his own genius, around that 10-mile course while burning sun and hot, salt laden wind stung through the coating of grease on his face. Never had this bronzed Utahn driven as he was driving now. Record after record was being brought back to America. Then, with the finish of the run in sight disaster threatened. The course began to break up and the car became almost unmanageable as it catapulted off the ground for distances of 100 feet at a speed of more

than 200 feet a second. Fighting desperately to hold the car on the track, Jenkins drove on.

Instruments were jarred from their mountings and rolled around the floor at the driver's feet, but he kept on. Nothing could stop him until fire darted from under the hood and licked back into the driver's seat. Forced into the pit, he jumped out and helped the mechanics extinguish the flames. The damage was serious, nearly all the ignition wires having been destroyed. Nearly half an hour was lost before the driver climbed back in the seat and roared out to make up lost time. Throwing discretion to the winds, he pushed the throttle wide open, reaching speeds of better than 160 miles an hour when the wind was at his back. With only 50 miles to go, he fought to bring his average up to better than 135 miles an hour. His tenacity and driving skill triumphed at last and when he shot over the finish line, Ab Jenkins was again the champion speed record holder of the world.

But his reign was cut short three weeks later when Captain George

This photograph was taken when a party of the West's distinguished citizens led an automobile caravan out to greet Ab Jenkins on the highway as he arrived from the East to prepare for his 1935 activity on the salt flats. In the picture, from left to right, are Salt Lake City Commissioner George D. Keyser, Ab Jenkins, Elizabeth Hurlow Jenkins, 82 year old mother of Ab, and Elder George Albert Smith.



Eyston, another English driver, headed a second invasion of the Utah salt beds and took many of Ab's records back to England, after having attained an average speed of 140 miles an hour.

Thus the battle for international speed supremacy goes on, the lone American, Ab Jenkins, against the speed kings of Europe. Today he is designing and building a super-speed creation with which he intends to uphold American speed honors. While complete details of the car have not been released, it is known that he will use a 12-cylinder airplane motor developing nearly 700 horsepower.

In the not distant future, he looks to the day when he will go after Sir Malcom Campbell's 300 mile an hour record. Plans for a straight-away car are now being worked out with two 1800 horsepower 12-cylinder motors in the hope that the land record may be shot up to 350 miles an hour. Incidentally, Ab predicted three years ago that Sir Malcom would be forced to use the Utah salt bed course if he were to realize his ambition to attain 300 miles an hour.

JENKINS has also been titled the "safest driver in the world." He claims never to have had an accident. He has captured the attention of practically every safety official in the country. He has been made a member of the National Safety Legion of Honor, in recognition of having driven nearly one and a quarter million miles without an accident. The Travelers Life Company has featured him in its widely publicized book, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

A moving picture company is seeking his name on a contract to build a safety film for national distribution. In the interest of highway safety, he has talked over every major radio hookup in the country. Motorcycle officers merely wave to him if he happens to pass them at a speed higher than the regulations specify. Frequently, they give him courtesy cards requesting that he may be allowed to go on unmolested should he be stopped by some officer who does not know him.

Newspaper men have marveled at his driving ability and devote columns of space to their experience with him at the wheel. In European sporting circles, Ab Jenkins is regarded as much of a superman in his particular profession as was Jack Dempsey at the height of his career as a boxer. Commenting on



The rear of Ab Jenkins' car, showing the now famous "Utah 10,000" license plate which is always reserved for Ab, opposite which he carries a similar plate on his cross-country tours which reads, "Yes, I Am A Mormon."

one of Ab's runs, a London News note says, "That man Jenkins is about the perishing limit. Last week's cable did not give much detail, but it was quite enough, as the man said when a 17-inch projectile exploded in his billit, for the mere announcement that Jenkins had gone and beaten every world's record in the list from 200 kilometres to 3,000 miles was shattering enough as it stood, but when the item of an average speed was added it became still more stupendous."

Unchanged by the high honors bestowed upon him, Ab Jenkins bears his laurels with modesty. His loyalty to his native state is an obsession with him. In spite of overtures from other states he insists that his car carry the now famous "Utah—10,000" plate, opposite which is always found a similar plate with the inscription, "Yes, I Am A Mormon."

All of Ab's achievements in record breaking speed contests and in developing improved mechanism are attributed to those factors which a good mother transmitted and nurtured in him during the formative period of character. The greatest

factors in his character were those principles of honesty, thrift, industry, helpfulness, unselfishness, cooperation, ambition to do, and determination to succeed in an undertaking. These were the qualities which had been bequeathed to him and successfully nurtured and developed by his frail but sinewy and tenacious mother who was neither conquered by adversity nor vanquished by despair.

She gave him a healthy body and taught him to preserve it in highest efficiency. She taught him the value of physical health attained through simple and wholesome living. She set him the example of ceaseless effort in a given undertaking and from her, in a hereditary sense, came the indomitable will-power to achieve and succeed. Through a mother's influence and power—the power of prayer and faith—she kept out of the garden of his soul the noxious weeds and poisons of harmful and evil habits.

From her he received those mental traits which, based on a sturdy moral character, developed wholesome habits of life and the all-saving power of resistance of evil without compromise. Her influence in his young life of early responsibility made the moral, mental, and physical man of the boy. His loving, devoted, characterful mother, Elizabeth Hurlow Jenkins, now shares his honors with him in the vigor of her eighty-two years.

David Abbott Jenkins earnestly insists that the simple, clean and wholesome life as understood and striven for by his people pays. Reared in the Mormon faith, he proudly tells you that he has never tasted liquor or tobacco and does not use other milder beverages such as tea and coffee. To this admirable fact he reasonably attributes his endurance, calmness, steady nerve and imperturbable poise of mind and body, which enable him to drive hour after hour at terrific speeds without visible evidence of fatigue or nervous tension. Single handed he has lifted the laurels of the world's greatest drivers operating in teams of three and four men who relieve each other at intervals of two hours.

As an experimental engineer, as a contributor to improved automotive transportation, and as an exponent of clean living, Ab Jenkins has worked great good and stands a worthy example for the youth of America.

SAYS Ab Jenkins:

"I never endorse anything that I have not actually used and proved to be worthy of endorsement and since I do not use tobacco and intoxicating liquor, I cannot endorse cigarettes and alcoholic beverages. At times it would have been most convenient to have had a few extra thousand dollars for selling my name and recommendation for this or that brand of cigarette. It wouldn't have hurt me particularly and I could have used the money. But I knew that such purchased endorsements sometimes influence young people who do not stop to realize that they are bought for that very purpose, and I would not for any price do anything that might in any way mislead the youth of America."



WINNING SPURS for LEADERSHIP!

By EARL J. GLADE



Earl J. Glade

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR YOUNG MEN WHO WANT TO QUALIFY FOR RESPONSIBILITIES IN THEIR CHURCH AND STATE AS WELL AS IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS AFFAIRS. THIS SERIES OFFERS SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL AID YOUNG MEN TO ACHIEVE NOT ONLY WHAT THEY WANT IN LIFE, IN HONOR, BUT ALSO WHAT LIFE WANTS OF THEM.

HOW TO GET MORE POWER

TO BEGIN, let's memorize this encouraging assurance:

The Lord will give us more power to achieve in the various fields of our choice only when we have earnestly and diligently used the power we already have.

Right there we have a basic formula for achievement! No matter what the field of activity—material, mental—spiritual—we acquire prestige and power progressively as we use to the utmost the power that is already ours.

Each worthy effort builds strength

cumulatively; each added success establishes an inward awareness of increasing power.

Illustration:

Assume that we are ordained to the office of teacher in the lesser priesthood. We proceed at once to learn precisely the requirements of this office. Instead of viewing them merely as duties to be perfunctorily done, we see each requirement as an opportunity to serve and to grow, and so we proceed earnestly to glorify the calling, by giving it the utmost that is in us.

Result:

Incomparable satisfaction in achievement; new power as a result of having given of our energies without stint or limit; a readiness for new responsibilities.

This formula is also the very basis of business success. Added power to increase sales, to save money and to pay debts, for instance, comes the

THE author has here set down in brief, trenchant style a few helps for "winning spurs" which in his own life and from his observations in dealing with thousands of young men, have proved effective. Earl J. Glade, Managing Director of Radio Station KSL and a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, has been eminently well qualified by a varied and successful career, to address himself to youth in the manner of this article. His qualifications include more than thirty years as a teacher, eighteen years as a University professor, several years as director of an advertising agency and thirteen years as executive of one of America's most successful radio stations. And not the least of his qualifications is his family of seven children—four boys and three girls—all of whom cherish the ideals of their father.

Earl Glade was born in Ogden, Utah, and was reared and educated in Park City and Provo, Utah. He is a graduate of Brigham Young University where he was also head of the Department of Business from 1904 to 1914. From 1915 to 1929 he was professor of Business at the University of Utah, during which time he also engaged in many civic, church and business activities away from the campus. As a young man in his late teens he filled a mission for the Church in Germany. His recent appointment to the General Board of the Sunday Schools came in recognition for past service, for outstanding ability and for progressive thinking, and more specifically because of his recent activities with an outstandingly successful seminar group in Granite State.

As a practical idealist, as a promoter, as an enthusiast and as a dynamic speaker and lecturer, this man has seen many of his hopes and dreams and ambitions realized. He identified himself with KSL back in the "starvation" days of radio, when few listened and no one bought. He sold the first commercial broadcasting in the mountain states, and walked the business streets of Salt Lake City for months in a discouraging but eventually successful effort to secure proper financial backing for KSL at a time when radio was anything but popular and promising as a business venture; and his perennial and persistent refusal either to recognize or admit defeat is in large measure responsible for Salt Lake City's enviable place on the radio map today.

Someday Earl J. Glade's story may be adequately told, but here he tells another story to young men—

very moment we *begin to do something*, no matter how modest, in each of these fields.

B-E-G-I-N is the word—the big word!

Begin now to use the power we already have!

UNDERSTANDING IS NOT EXPERIENCE

THE PERIL encountered by some young men of the Church who are giving liberally of their energies to the study of varied schools of philosophy is that they try to *substitute an understanding of the formula of religion for religious experience itself*.

There positively is no substitute for religious experience. Academic profoundness and scholarly understanding have their satisfactions and compensations; but the joys of true blessedness, which the world cannot give and the world cannot take away, come only through the grace

of our Heavenly Father in religious experience.

For instance, understanding the psychology of testimony bearing, is not to be compared in its satisfactions with the transcendental joys of an actual religious experience that is so utterly satisfying as to demand the giving of testimony before the body of the Church.

LEARNING THROUGH ACTIVITY

IT HAS been frequently demonstrated that, as a rule, the most successful men are they who have the best information.

This assurance intrigues us to reach out for more and more knowledge.

We now realize that learning may go right along after we leave school. The activity aspects of the learning process, in fact, are more important than we dared think years ago.

Doing the things we are trying to learn has become so vital a part of learning, that work under skilled

guidance is now seen as the truly great teacher.

The importance of high class apprenticeship in the trades, crafts, business and professions is now being more fully appreciated than ever. For instance, there is only one way to learn to build a metal lamp and that is to make it with one's own hands under competent direction. There is only one way properly to learn to sell merchandise and that is, after the ground work is laid, to study selling, in actual experience, under the inspiration of brilliant sales leadership; there is only one way to learn to perform an appendectomy, and that is, after acquiring the vast fund of technical information necessary through study and observation, under skilled guidance and counsel, to go into the operating room and personally perform the operation.

That is true in every field of endeavor.

There is no substitute for doing.

THE WORLD RESPECTS MEN ANIMATED BY FAITH

ATTITUDE as a vital aid to achievement is entitled to the place ascribed to it by the men who are doing the world's work. Walter Dill Scott places attitude ahead of capacity in the field of achievement.

The world has a way of highly regarding men who are animated by an earnest desire to rise above things as they are, and to evince true appreciation of the Lord's beneficence by doing the things He wants done.

Then, too, the world has a way of respecting men of faith—men inspired by a sincere conviction that success is possible to anyone who really believes in the ultimate achievement of his aims and ambitions.

Sour personalities, no matter how brilliant, mentally, lose much of their power to achieve, at the very start. For years a dour exterior and a secretive manner seemed to be part of the equipment of many physicians; and no one could possibly be as wise as some lawyers years ago tried to appear. Today, the truly great doctors are generally open and frank in their attitude toward the patient, and in many cases, by telling him clearly how they are seeking to help nature, win confidence, approval and radiant health for their

Nothing is more conducive to arriving nowhere than to be going nowhere. That's one spot where, with no guide posts and little urge, one arrives with utmost certainty.



proteges. Truly great lawyers are not ashamed to tell a client they don't know, if they don't, and that they will have to look up the law on certain points.

The world's great achievers have almost invariably been men of simple candor, steadfast faith and rugged courage.

FROM POINT "A" TO POINT "B"

WITH THE depression behind us, and clearer economic weather ahead, it is not enough for a young man merely to be on the way. He should have a good road map and know very definitely where he expects to pull in by nightfall. Re-vamping:

He should have a clearly defined conception of what he wants in life—where he wants to go and what he wants to do.

Nothing will help a young man to organize himself and his resources better than a definite sense of direction and a specific objective. *Nothing is more conducive to arriving nowhere than to be going nowhere. That's one spot where, with no guide posts and little urge, one arrives with utmost certainty.*

The old home town and the world itself have a way of flashing the "go-ahead" signal to the young townsman who knows where he's headed and whose actions are purposive. Possibly beyond all things else, purpose—real animating purpose—has an organizing power that inspires a man's achievement faculties into action.

In the vernacular, then, the great query is: "What's the big Idea?"

GET OUT YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN!

THE MEN who exemplify the finest in business leadership tell us to visualize our wants more clearly by writing them on a sheet of paper.

Making a graphic record of these desires has the effect of more definitely engraving them on the sensitized plate of our consciousness. The result is that we know with more certainty than ever what it is we really want to achieve.

That knowledge is the first step to realization. With the assignment well defined and clear, we can then start with confidence to build a faith in our power to earn these wants.

As we succeed in securing the

easiest items on our list, we become increasingly convinced of our power to earn anything we desire, in honor.

It is well to remember that having built a plan of achievement we should not broadcast it about. No one else should know of it. Here is one place where the unspoken word is a true friend.

Too frequently plans that are innocently revealed to others somehow encounter unnecessary opposition and, sometimes, heartbreaking frustration.

The one Person to whom we may safely reveal our plans—plans that are truly sacred to us is our Heavenly Father. He will treasure our confidence and He will help us.

"NOW TRY AGAIN—
THINK HARD!"

IF YOU would ingratiate yourself into the cordial esteem of ac-



The most successful men are they who have the best information.

quaintances whom you haven't seen for extended periods, remember:

Don't keep them waiting a second for your name. Speak it out in full, clearly and completely, and tie-in also the name of the old home town.

Nothing is more exasperating than a friend whom you have met only casually, and of whom you haven't heard a syllable in ten, twenty or maybe thirty years, who insists on a pump-handle handshake that goes up and down, around and around, for a hundred pumps, while you are being put through the third degree as to what the good people in his neighborhood call him.

Even though it appears that you do remember, it is well for him to be just as prompt with his own name as he possibly can.

Where is the man who has not been embarrassed almost to a point of mortification because his acquaintance simply would not divulge his identity?

Where is the man who has not already felt profoundly grateful for such thoughtful consideration, when it has occurred?

Again:

Young men should never personally use "Mr." in announcing their own names. "Mr. Johnson" isn't anybody. "David R. Johnson," however, is a definite somebody.

President Theodore Roosevelt was a model in this particular. In spite of his being one of the greatest and best known leaders of his generation, on the telephone he would announce: "This is Theodore Roosevelt" and not "This is Mr. Roosevelt." The other man, as the occasion required, might do that, but not the famous Colonel-President himself. When he said, "This is Theodore Roosevelt" there was no question as to the personality behind the voice.

REMEMBERING

PSYCHOLOGISTS seem agreed that the process of remembering involves at least five considerations: interest, understanding, observation, doing and note-taking.

We remember the things we do better than those we merely think. If, therefore, in addition to *doing*, we are greatly *interested* in a matter; *understand* it well; *observe* the details about it carefully and then *take a few notes*, it is altogether likely that we shall remember it.

Notes should be copious enough that the subject will be understandable weeks later. Indifferent hieroglyphics and geometric scrawls made while we are thinking aloud—on the telephone, for instance—are usually not good notes. Even the outline of a story which means much to you now, as you write it, may not mean anything to you several months later when you are trying to recall the details.

If you are remembering only one-fiftieth of the better things you read, you may be scoring high for some laymen—2%—but that is not a score that will make for leadership.



Maud May Babcock

1. THE PROFESSOR

ON DECEMBER 30 just passed, Professor Maud May Babcock, head of the Department of Speech at the University of Utah, was elected president of the National Association of Teachers of Speech at its annual convention held at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago. This is a signal honor for one of Utah's eminent educators. The National Association of Teachers of Speech is an organization whose membership extends into every state in the Union and to the Hawaiian Islands, and numbers more than three thousand. This honor is particularly fitting in the light of Professor Babcock's long and splendid service as a teacher of speech. Utah may be justly proud of the honor conferred upon one of its eminent daughters.

Professor Babcock has been one of the staunch pioneers who have worked to establish speech training as a worthy academic discipline. She was a charter member of the National Association of Elocutionists which was established in 1892, New York City. When, later, that organization developed into the National Association of Public Speaking, she was among its most active members. She was a charter member of the still later National Association of Teachers of Speech.

After long and unbroken service therein she is now its president—the second woman to hold this honor.

Before coming to Utah, she had gained for herself an enviable reputation as an elocutionist. (The word *elocutionist* had not then been replaced by the word *reader*.) Cincinnati, Detroit, New York, Washington, and other eastern centers had acclaimed her artistry.

At Harvard Summer School where she was teaching in 1892, Susa Young Gates was a student in her classes. A friendship sprang up between the two women—a friendship which grew stronger with succeeding years and out of which grew the urge which brought Maud May Babcock to the Rocky Mountains in September, 1892. Through the instrumentality of Mrs. Gates, Professor Babcock taught classes both in Salt Lake City and in Provo. Interestingly enough, her first classes included physical education—work in which she was well trained and proficient—as well as elocution.

Many hundreds of persons who today enjoy the Deseret Gymnasium are not aware that the pioneer work of Maud May Babcock in gymnastics and physical education was of vital importance in making the Deseret Gymnasium an actuality. She secured the use of Social Hall and together with the help of her brother* and at her personal expense equipped Social

MAUD MAY BABCOCK

An Appreciation

By JOSEPH F. SMITH

Associate Professor of Speech, University of Utah

Hall as a gymnasium and social center. With its increasing popularity necessity for larger quarters grew. The Church became interested in the project. She sold her equipment—some five thousand dollars worth—to the Church for four hundred dollars. She was an active member of the committee which planned the erection of the Deseret Gymnasium and for some time after the building's completion, was a member of its Board of Control. In the meantime she had become a teacher at the University of Utah. She founded its Department of Physical Education and also its Department of Speech.

In addition to the regular curricular work in elocution and public speaking, she founded the University Dramatic Club. Thanks to Professor Babcock, the University of Utah was the first University to offer a student body competitive award to participants in dramatics—an award comparable to those given for competitive athletic activity. The University of Utah Dramatic Club has an unbroken record of forty annual productions—the oldest unbroken record of any university dramatic club in the world. Of all those forty productions Professor Babcock has personally directed thirty-seven of them. Once while she was on leave of absence in Europe, 1907-8, once while she was on leave of absence in Hawaii in 1922, and once while she was on leave on a world tour in 1928, the annual Varsity Play was supervised by members of her staff.

IN 1914, she established what was known as the Utah Theatre** and for the season of 1914-15 produced plays with leading actors from New York. Tom Powers—one of Broadway's outstanding actors—played there. For three very successful seasons, 1918-1921, Pro-

*Dr. W. Wayne Babcock, now of Temple University, Philadelphia, is one of America's leading surgeons.

**Later the Wilkes, then The Playhouse, and now (bless the mark) the Roxy.

fessor Babcock was director of the Varsity Players whose home was the famous Social Hall. This was one of America's really great Little Theatres. Many regret its passing because the building itself, built by Brigham Young, was the first theatre west of the Missouri River. Moroni Olson who has since gained recognition both on Broadway and in Hollywood got his start with the Varsity Players. Maurice Brown and his wife, Ellen Van Valkenburg, founders of the Chicago Little Theatre, were at Social Hall for a year. (Mr. Brown will be remembered as the successful producer of Journey's End both in London and New York.)

In 1921 Professor Babcock was



Professor Joseph F. Smith

THE notable contributions that Maud May Babcock has made to the cultural and spiritual enrichment of the inland West have long deserved public recognition and preservation in print. And it is particularly appropriate that the writer of this over-due tribute should be Professor Joseph F. Smith, whose close association with Professor Babcock as pupil, as friend, and as co-worker in a colorful profession has endured for nearly two decades with admirable loyalty and mutual interest. Prof. Smith graduated from the University of Utah in 1924 as a Speech major with an A. B. degree. There followed training at the University of London, for which a two year certificate was awarded, and further work at the University of Illinois for which an M. A. degree was conferred in 1926. Since then recognition has come with teaching appointments at the University of Utah, University of Illinois, University of Iowa, University of Wisconsin and University of Minnesota. Professor Smith filled a mission for the L. D. S. Church in Hawaii and is a member of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Out of his long association with Utah's distinguished adopted daughter, Joseph F. Smith here tells briefly the story of Maud May Babcock—Professor, Teacher, Friend and Latter-day Saint—

elected president of Theta Alpha Phi, National Dramatic Fraternity. She served as national president of that organization for two terms. She has always believed in keeping abreast of the times. In 1907-8 she went to Europe where she became acquainted with Sarah Bernhardt. She spent the academic year 1921-22 in the Hawaiian Islands. In 1928-9 she went round the world, spending a good deal of time in England and India, and in Italy—where she visited the haunts of the Brownings. She is not only a Browning admirer but, what is rarer, a Browning authority. In England she studied the theatre intensively and became acquainted with the outstanding figures in the English theatre. She has conducted four tours to the Orient and is at the present time planning her fifth Lotus Time Cruise to Japan, China, and the Philippines. Many summers she has spent teaching—at the University of Utah, frequently at Chautauqua, and once at the University of Wisconsin. In 1917 she was for a season one of the directors of the famous Washington Square players in New York City. She is a nationally known interpreter of literature. Dipping in her scrap book, one will find enthusiastic commendation in press clippings taken from wherever she has read. She has delighted audiences throughout America and in Hawaii, China, Japan, the Philippines, Paris, and England.

As wide and varied as her professional duties and experiences have been, Professor Babcock has yet found time to publish a number of volumes of selections for oral interpretation and to write a teacher's handbook on interpretation.†

Not long after Utah had received her statehood, Governor Heber M. Wells appointed Miss Babcock to the Board of the Utah State School for the Deaf and Blind. After serving as a member for some eight years, she was elected President of the Board, and for twelve years thereafter served in that capacity. While President of the Board she visited all the major schools for the deaf and blind in the United States and many in Europe. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain Miss Babcock is the only woman to hold the executive position on a Utah State Board.

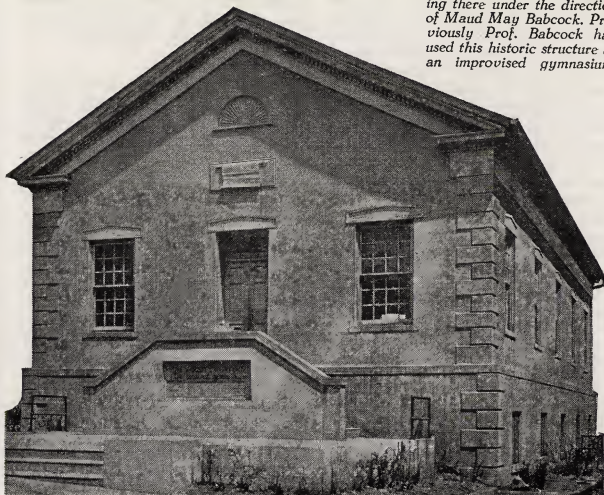
2. THE TEACHER

ALTHOUGH teaching has been and is her profession and of course belongs to her professorial life, yet her teaching has been of peculiar caliber and merits special attention.

Maud May Babcock has never been a mere teacher of physical edu-

†Handbook For Teachers of Interpretation, Maud May Babcock, University Publishing Co., 1930, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Social Hall, Salt Lake City, as it appeared during its "little theatre" days when the Varsity Players were appearing there under the direction of Maud May Babcock. Previously Prof. Babcock had used this historic structure as an improvised gymnasium.





Kingsbury Hall: theatre, lecture hall, student auditorium, and headquarters for the Department of Speech on the University of Utah campus, in which edifice Maud May Babcock has her office today. Professor Babcock was actively instrumental in the promotion, designing and equipping of this modern structure.

cation, or public speaking, or dramatic art, or any subject. She has been and continues to be an inspirer of souls. One of the supreme tests of the good teacher is the strength of the bond established between him and his student. Does the student of his own desire maintain contact with the teacher long after the student-teacher relationship ceases to exist? Of all the teachers the writer has known, Maud May Babcock has the greatest personal alumni following. Literally hundreds of persons are keeping in close personal touch with "Miss B" (as she is affectionately known) although campus portals may have long since closed on their college days. Why? Because she is richly endowed with that rarest and most priceless of teacher's gifts—the genius to make attendance at her classes that which is more than opportunity for academic acquisition—an opportunity for soul refreshment. To her a student is much more than a bit of mental machinery. Withal a rigid disciplinarian, exacting the academic task from the stu-

dent with relentless precision, she yet possesses that uprightness of spirit that gives dynamic life to her teaching, and makes the thing taught fit into a correlated scheme of fine living. After all that is the *summum bonum* of teaching.

Throughout this intermountain country have gone young teachers—Babcock-trained, if you will—who have caught her spirit and who are in turn disseminating that spirit and are therefore bringing inestimable benefit into the life of the communities which they serve. Her greatness as a teacher cannot be measured. Thousands of persons have had their eyes opened to beauty, their lives enriched without being aware that they are eventually indebted to Maud May Babcock—the Teacher.

If one is desirous of getting an idea of the calibre of academic work done at one institution of learning let him inquire about its reputation at other like institutions. In the great majority of cases where "Speech Majors" from the University of Utah have gone elsewhere for graduate study (and for many, many years none has gone without Miss Babcock's insistent urging and cheerful encouragement) they have made outstanding success of their graduate study and have compelled respect for their integrity, their essential fineness. Indeed, in many universities, graduation from the University of Utah Speech Department is a prime recommendation. What better tribute to the teacher who is head of the University of Utah Department of Speech?

3. THE FRIEND

THE CASUAL visitor to one of Professor Babcock's classes would be astounded could he visit her in her mountain cabin, which nestles among the pines in Brighton, Big Cottonwood Canyon. In the former case he would be impressed with the professor's encyclopaedic knowledge and the pedagogue's ability to get work out of students. In the latter case he would be surprised (and not a little delighted were he a dinner guest) at the woman's culinary artistry and the housewife's dexterity. After dinner he would be further enchanted as he, with other guests, withdrew to the porch overlooking a mountain cataract and there—with rushing waters and wind in pines as symphonic obligato—joined in diverting conversation—literature, the arts, the Taj Mahal, the New Deal, Haile Selassie, a recipe for corn

bread—the while his hostess sewed expertly on a fine seam. He would marvel at the camaraderie.

Maud May Babcock the Friend is probably the chief reason for Maud May Babcock the Teacher. The poet who said, "Let me live a friend to man," voiced a hope for what "Miss B" has richly achieved. Personal sacrifice, no matter what its magnitude, has never deterred her from functioning as a friend. Specific instances of which there are legion, are probably of too personal a nature for publication. Suffice it to say that the path to Miss Babcock's door is rarely cool. Persons desiring merely to say "Hello" or to pass the time of day, or to bring a gift; persons wanting advice, or needing comfort, or seeking solace maintain a well-beaten track to the door of Maud May Babcock, Friend.

4. THE LATTER-DAY SAINT

AS A STUDENT in Miss Babcock's classes in Harvard Summer School, 1892, Susa Young Gates, herself a woman of great talent, recognized potential greatness in her teacher. "Aunt Susa"—always the missionary—set about interesting Miss Babcock in the West—or at least feeding an interest already keen. "Aunt Susa" suggested a western teaching engagement. Upon her return to Utah and following the old maxim *Deeds not words* she set about getting Miss Babcock West. September 11th saw Miss Babcock arrive in Salt Lake City. Arrangements were made for her living at the home of William B. and Maria Young Dougall where she was at once introduced to Mormon custom.

For instance Brother Dougall told her that while they did not drink coffee they would be glad to get it for her. He then explained the Word of Wisdom. It is a delight to hear Miss Babcock relate this experience. Her eye flashes as she recalls it. "These Mormons need not think they are any better than I am. I can go without coffee as well as they can." So she thought, and so coffee went out of her diet. The Dougalls had family prayers night and morning. Miss Babcock joined them. Fast Sunday rolled around. Brother Dougall explained that they did not eat on Fast Sunday and told her why, but also explained that she need not feel she must comply. Not only did it sound like a very good idea, but again who were these Mormons that they should be able to fast once a month the while



Maud May Babcock as she appeared shortly after her arrival in Salt Lake City in 1892.

she ate. After all, as a good Episcopalian had she not observed Lent? She fasted on the first Sunday of the month. She attended her own church service faithfully.

Being of an inquiring mind she read a good deal about the Church. She read the Life of Joseph Smith and much of the *Millennial Star*. Much that she read impressed her as truth. However, she could not accept Joseph Smith as a Prophet of God. The more she read, the more was she troubled. Principle after principle seemed true. "Then Mormonism must be true. But I do not believe that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God." Time and time again did she come to that impasse.

One day when she was returning from a class; it was on a Wednesday: she was going over and over the matter and as she got to the south gate of the Temple Block, she had just arrived for what seemed the hundredth time at "But I don't believe Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God" when she heard a voice say perfectly clearly, "How can you know outside the gate? Enter and you shall know." She replied in her

heart, "I cannot ask to be baptized on trial." Again came the voice, "Be at peace, my daughter. You shall be asked." At once her mental turmoil was stilled—for the time being, at least.

The following Saturday she was teaching in Provo. While in Provo, she stayed with the Gates's. For some time, although she was perfectly friendly with Sister Gates, she felt rather on the defensive when Sister Gates was by. She felt she must defend her own faith in the face of Sister Gates's vigorous missionary spirit. On this particular day, Miss Babcock returned from her Physical Education class at the Brigham Young University (she had a basement room in the then unfinished College Hall) and upon entering the house was informed that Bishop Orson F. Whitney was there to see her.

At once she was resentful. He was there to convert her and she was not of a mind to be converted. She could see no one until she had removed plaster dust encountered in the basement of College Hall. She protracted her ablutions as long as she could. No doubt Bishop Whitney had left. However, on her entering the living room, there he sat chatting comfortably. Her resentment returned, and with it the old argument. Bishop Whitney talked to her about the Gospel and she retorted with some asperity, "I do not believe Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God." Whereat Bishop Whitney answered in the identical words of the voice, she had heard three days before, "How can you know outside the gates? Enter and you shall know." All her opposition melted. She felt a great peace and without hesitation said, "That is just what I want to do." She was baptized Saturday, Dec. 31, 1892.

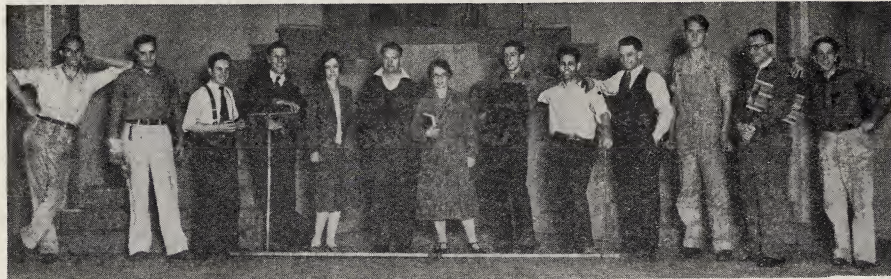
FROM that day to this, not only has her testimony of the Gospel never wavered but it has increased

in power. Neither a hostile family nor deserting friends could swing her from that truth which only the Spirit of God can reveal to men.

She was first counselor to Clarissa Young Spencer in the 18th Ward Y. L. M. I. A. She was president of the Y. L. M. I. A. in the Eleventh Ward and later first counselor to Emma Whitney Pyper, president of the Ensign Stake Y. L. M. I. A. Board. She succeeded Sister Pyper as president. With the help of Mrs. W. W. Riter she organized the Lucy Mack Home for Girls—the forerunner of the Bee-Hive House. Together with Charlotte Stewart she initiated camp fire work among the young girls of the Church—an activity which has developed into the Bee-Hive program. She was the first to put lessons in literature into an M. I. A. program. Her genealogical research has been extensive and astonishingly complete. For many years, temple work for her dead has been going forward. At the present time she is a teacher in the Sunday School of the Eleventh Ward, Salt Lake City. Every Sunday morning finds her facing a large group of Latter-day Saints eager to hear her teach the Gospel.

For more than forty-three years, Maud May Babcock has known without doubt or wavering that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. Maud May Babcock stands at the top of her profession. Maud May Babcock is one of Utah's greatest teachers. Maud May Babcock has helped and been friend to thousands. But with the humility and understanding that always mark the great, she acknowledges that none of these could have been but for Maud May Babcock The Latter-day Saint.

The stage crew for "The Bluebird," the dedicatory production in Kingsbury Hall, 1930, on the University of Utah campus. Professor Babcock, Director, is the center figure. Professor Smith, Technical Advisor, is second from the right.





DR. LOWRY NELSON, recently appointed Director of the Utah State Agricultural College Experiment Station, is qualified by rich experience and long training to discuss expertly and sympathetically the retrospect and prospect of the "Mormon Village," which he does in this article.

Born in Ferron, Utah, the author spent his early years on a farm, subsequently securing his education at Emery Stake Academy, Carbon County High School, Brigham Young University, and U. S. A. C., from which last named institution he was graduated in Agriculture in 1916.

Since then he has served as Secretary to the President of Utah State Agricultural College, Assistant State Leader of County Agents, Sanpete County Agent, Field Agriculturalist, Editor of the Utah Farmer, Director of the Extension Division at Brigham Young University, and Professor of Rural Economics and Dean of the College of Applied Science at the same institution.

Dr. Nelson's graduate work has been done principally at the University of Wisconsin where he received the M. S. degree in 1924 and the Ph. D. in 1929.

At the time of the writing of this article the author was Chief of the Project Planning Section of the Rural Resettlement Administration with headquarters in Washington, D. C. His writings have appeared in many scientific periodicals and he is the author of several bulletins dealing with social problems in rural communities of Utah.

The MORMON VILLAGE RETROSPECT and PROSPECT

By DR. LOWRY NELSON

Director Agricultural Experiment Station,
U. S. A. C., Logan, Utah

"I AM NOT AT ALL FATALISTIC ABOUT THE FUTURE. ON THE CONTRARY, I AM VERY HOPEFUL; BUT I CANNOT ESCAPE THE CONVICTION THAT WE NEED TO BECOME REVITALIZED AND FIRED ANEW WITH A COMMON OBJECTIVE. THAT OBJECTIVE I LIKE TO THINK IS BUILDING THE FINEST CIVILIZATION THAT IT IS WITHIN OUR POWER TO IMAGINE."—THE AUTHOR.

the plat of the City of Zion was sent from the Presidency of the Church in Kirtland, Ohio, to the Saints in Independence, Missouri, to guide them in establishing the sacred city. This plat represented a community one mile square, divided into ten-acre blocks, except that the middle tier contained fifteen acres each. The blocks were sub-divided into twenty one-half acre lots. All streets were eight rods wide and houses were to be set back from the street twenty-five feet to permit of suitable parking in front.

A letter of instruction signed by Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams specified the details to be followed in laying out the city. Among other things, it said that not more than one house was to be built on a lot, a regulation obviously designed to prevent housing congestion and the creation of

slums. Of course, in modern housing it would not in all cases be practical perhaps to adhere to this limitation. Nevertheless, the principle involved is one which modern architects and city planners will applaud.

Since it was contemplated that the inhabitants of the city would live in accordance with the United Order, there were to be no individual barnyards in the city. All livestock would be kept on the outskirts. Obviously, there were to be no resi-

Salt Lake City, 1852.—This reproduction of a sketch by W. W. Major discovered and purchased by the Church Historian's office is probably the earliest sketch of the city now in existence. The probable influence of the plat of Zion City is shown in the layout of streets and houses. Prior to this, the earliest Salt Lake City picture in the historian's office was dated 1853.



THE MORMON communities of the West are the product of a great faith geared to intelligently directed human labor. The great faith was associated with the prophetic promise of a better world, a world where human beings would live together in amity and understanding, and all would work co-operatively toward a common goal.

The "village" pattern of living which is distinctive of the Mormon West had its origin in 1833 when

dences established on the farms. These were to be owned "in common;" that is, each family would "consecrate" his possessions to the Lord, and transfer title to the Bishop. He, in turn, would allow each family an "inheritance" over which he would act as "steward." An inheritance meant usually a farm of a size sufficient for, and in accordance with, his needs.

The management of this farm would be left largely in the hands of the "steward" to operate according to his own judgment. It was expected that he would operate it wisely and industriously. If there were a "surplus" remaining at the end of the year's operation, over and above the amount needed to care for the family, this surplus was to be turned, over to the "Bishop's storehouse," to be used to help new families to get a start, or to take care of the needy.

Before this system got under way in Missouri, the members of the Church were driven out, and forced to migrate to Illinois. They experienced six years of comparative peace, during which time they built the city of Nauvoo.

When the great exodus to the mountains occurred in 1846-47, it should be remembered that Brigham Young had in his possession the blueprint and instructions which were used in establishing communities in the Great Basin. This should not in any sense minimize the work of the great pioneer leader. But it does indicate the foresight and ingenuity of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his associates in Kirtland.

THE "village" plan proved to be a most effective settlement technique in the West. Many people have fallen into the error of attributing the rise of this unique form of settlement to the environmental conditions of the Great Basin. It has been argued that close settlement was made necessary by the scarcity of water and the necessity of irrigation, but we have many irrigated sections where farm residence is the rule. Others claim that the village arose as a protective device against the Indians. But the danger of Indians was even greater on other American frontiers, and still the people settled on scattered tracts. Moreover, the Mormons built forts to provide protection, and after the danger was removed, instead of settling on scattered farms, the pioneers moved on to village lots.

These alternative explanations

merely testify to the effectiveness of the village as a method of conquering the wilderness; they do not explain its origin. The most that can be said is that these factors contributed to the perpetuation of the village plan among the Mormons.

Neither can it be shown conclusively that the New England town was the prototype of the Mormon village as some writers have assumed. New Englanders settled widely over the American continent, but in no area did they establish the close settlement pattern. Always they fell in with the prevailing pattern of scattered settlement, which was made imperative by the restrictions of the land laws which prescribed residence on a piece of land before it could be patented. The Mormons had their own land system for twenty-two years before they actually obtained Federal patents.

Moreover, while some of the Mormons were New Englanders, most of the leaders were a generation

removed from actual residence in New England. The adult years of these leaders were spent more often in New York and other states removed from the states of their nativity. The New England influence is undoubtedly important in Mormon culture, but it cannot be said to have been sufficient to determine the mode of settlement in the West.

It should be understood that the Mormons were influenced in the planning of their ideal city by many factors. A very important one was the general spirit of reform which prevailed over the country during the

Plat of the City of Zion.—This reproduction of the original drawing and explanation for laying out the City of Zion was sent by the Prophet Joseph Smith to the brethren in Zion on June 25th, 1833. A partial statement of the significance of the plat is given in the accompanying article. Further treatment is found in Volume I of the History of the Church by Joseph Smith.



first half of the nineteenth century. This period is probably the most interesting one in American history. As Dr. John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin has said, "Visions of a new moral world had taken possession of the minds of men."

Many people other than the Mormons were setting up Utopias. There was the Oneida Community in New York state, and the "New Jerusalem" of Jemima Wilkinson. The Fourier Cooperative movement had its greatest strength in New York state. Over on the Western Reserve in Ohio near Kirtland, Sidney Rigdon's congregation was trying to live the ancient doctrine of Christian Communism. A young Englishman named Robert Owen invested a sizeable fortune made in the textile mills of England trying to bring to pass the creation of cooperative living among human beings in Harmony, Indiana. The intelligentsia of Concord and Boston had their own experiment at Brook Farm. There were numerous other attempts.

In all, it was a period of magnificent dreams for a better world, and of experiments to put those dreams into reality. But most of the ventures ended in failure, leaving the founders bankrupt and disillusioned.

THE MORMON movement was spectacularly successful in many of its aspects. While the common use of material goods was never realized according to the original design as set up in the system we call the United Order, the idealism contained therein had a powerful influence upon the culture of the Mormon group. It gave forceful impetus to their early cooperative activities. When a group of families settled on a stream, it was the common practice to allow all families to participate equally in the land and water resources which were there. Each got its share of the land and water, and participated equally in grazing privileges in the common pastures. The mutual irrigation company prevailed over the private commercial company. As one non-Mormon writer has pointed out, if Brigham Young and his associates had been bent on amassing fortunes for themselves, they could have done so very easily by acquiring possession of the irrigation resources and formulating service companies

to deliver water to the users. This procedure would, however, have done great violence to the ideals which animated the Pioneers.

But, most of all, the Mormons have distinguished themselves, so far as colonization activities are concerned, in maintaining the village pattern. The mode of life may represent a slight economic sacrifice in the inefficiency which results from separation of the homestead from the farm. There is time and effort lost in traveling to and from the farms. But the gain in opportunity for social participation, and in the higher standard of living which the village makes possible, in most cases easily offset the economic disadvantages. Utah, for instance, led all the states in 1920 in the number of farm homes equipped with electricity, and was third in 1930. This can be traced directly, it is certain, to the fact that homes are close together. It costs a farmer in the open country from \$500 to \$1000 to provide himself with electric service, whereas the Utah village farmer can secure it for a fraction of that cost. The same advantage can be cited of other utilities, such as running water, gas, and sewage disposal.

But the Utah villages are not perfect. They have, along with other sections of the country, an undue portion of "rural slums." There are still too many homes unable to have the benefits of modern technology. Too many housewives are still carrying water from the ditch. From the standpoint of civic beauty, our villages will stand much improvement. A visitor must be impressed by the

tumble-down fences, houses, and barns in need of repair and paint, and the small number of young shade trees being planted to replace the old ones which are dead or dying and in need of removal.

These are superficial things, but often they bespeak a decadence of spirit which is not superficial. Rather, it is very fundamental. We only recently completed celebrating the first hundred years of the Church. While that is important, we must recognize the fact that we cannot influence the past. Moreover, the success of that hundred years was largely the result of the bold but careful planning of that group of young men and women who caught hold of a great dream and, under the inspiration of God, geared the dream to reality.

IT is the next hundred years which concerns us most. We can do something about the future. We can dream for the future as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young and others dreamed for the future, and worked to make it come true. To do this intelligently, we need to do these things: (1) become more aware, through careful study, of the great values, particularly the spiritual values which lie in our past; (2) study intelligently our present situation; (3) plan our future in terms of the facts revealed by that study; and (4) move in a spirit of cooperation towards our goal.

This means, among other things, the perpetuation of some of the idealism of the Founders. The world of mankind must make its achievements through cooperation. Man working alone for selfish goals is a pitiful spectacle. He cannot reach the heights. Mormon civilization likewise will develop further only on the basis of greater cooperative spirit. We may need to develop new cooperative techniques, just as our fathers did, but these should come only as we work through our problems and the need becomes plain.

There is practically nothing in the way of Mormon civilization reaching heights not before attained by any peoples. We have a great people compounded of the great races and peoples of the world; we have a rich spiritual heritage; and we have great natural resources on which to build. We need only to set the goal high and devote ourselves as a unit to its realization.



MARCH WINDS

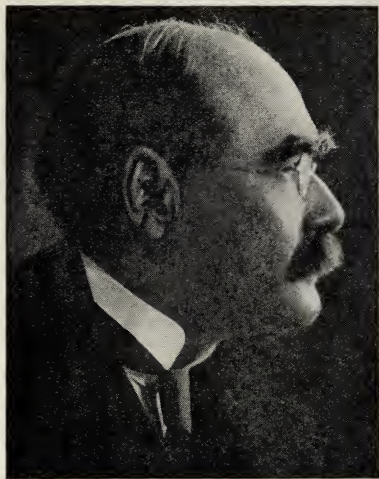
By Joseph R. Meservy

THE wind came blowing hard last night.

He hit the house with all his might
And rattled door and window-pane;
Then backed away and hit again.

But still our house withstood his blow.

Of course, it made him angry, so
He blew and blew the whole night through;
He screamed and roared right loudly, too!



Rudyard Kipling

KIPLING'S TRIBUTES TO WOMEN

By MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

When to the Kiplings in Bombay, India, a son was born in 1865, the mother, homesick for her own England, named that son for the lake, Rudyard, near which she and her husband had done their courting. In this unusual way the East and the West were linked and manifested this combination in the later life of this author who wrote so strongly for the British system and so sympathetically of the native people of India. His death in January, 1936, touched people all over the globe because the variety of subjects he treated and his qualities of human interest made him truly a citizen of the world.

SINCE Kipling, like Caesar, is a name to conjure with, when the words "Rudyard Kipling is dead" were flashed on the air, the world mourned. From the jungles of India to the "blasted pavin' stones" of London, from the Ganges River through the Seven Seas, Kipling has been known and loved by the old and the young, the rich and the poor of both sexes.

This perhaps sounds like a paradoxical statement to those men who have so glibly quoted Kipling's "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair" definition of women. Naturally Kipling, reared in the British system, was more interested in men than in women. In fact, Kipling's predominant characteristic is his intense masculinity. Behind the scenes of his stories and poems, we feel the presence of hale and hearty men—soldiers most frequently—to whom Kipling is rehearsing his experiences and imaginings. Kipling therefore colors his pictures as these men's men would prefer to have them painted.

Although Kipling is primarily interested in men, in most of these stories the woman's influence far exceeds the man's. The women are "deae ex machina"—and their inter-

ference in the well-oiled man-management of affairs is subtle and unlooked for—we are tempted to say, even by Kipling himself.

Soldiers Three gives us Kipling's most famous characters. Some of the women in these stories show heroism which far exceeds that of the soldiers themselves. Perhaps no more pathetically heroic example of self-sacrifice, devotion, and courage is recorded in literature than that of Dinah in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." Even in the face of a most unendurable hardships, Dinah remains true to Mulvaney although he himself acknowledges his unworthiness.

Liza Roantree's terrific struggle and semi-success in keeping Leary, the second of *Soldiers Three*, in the straight and narrow path point out clearly the beneficence of a good woman's love.

Even for "The Vampire," who at best is a loathsome creature, we feel a twinge of pity for:

"It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew
why
(Seeing, at last, she could never know
why)
And never could understand."

While ignorance may be inexcusable, it is at least pitiable and the vampire—

... "Could never know why,
And never could understand."

Kipling's works are replete with examples of the virtues of women. Fidelity, self-sacrifice, and courage are manifest in many of Kipling's heroines. "With Scindia to Delhi" tragically enough gives the devotion of the slave girl, Lalun, for her master when she sacrificed her life for him.

"Yea, Delhi town was very near when
Lalun whispered, 'Slay!
Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast—stab
deep and let me die.'
But Scindia would not, and the maid tore
free and flung away,
And turning as she fell we heard the thundering
Populzai."

By leaping from the horse's back and sacrificing herself, the girl gave her master the chance to reach friendly territory. Patriotism in its essence is portrayed by Bisesa in "The Sacrifice of Er-Heb."

"... Twice she turned away
Before the awful darkness of the door

But the third time she cried out and put her
palms
Against the hew-stone leaves, and prayed
Taman,
To spare Er-Heb and take her life for
price."

The pathetic constancy of the little native girl, Har Dyal, brings forth a lilting sweetness quite unusual in Kipling:

(Concluded on page 183)



BY
WALTER
L. BAILEY

MOVING MOUNTAINS

The story thus far: Bob Hamond and Dan Bolin took their first jobs after finishing school as assistant engineers aboard the freighter *Banaza*. Shortly after they had entered the Arctic their engine had cracked, leaving them motionless in the midst of icebergs. The SOS calls were sent out by the freighter's radio. The engineer, Spike Ambry, issued orders for the crew to set to work to try to effect the necessary repairs. As they started, the cry went up that icebergs were dead ahead. The men all deserted in the only lifeboat, leaving Spike and Dan to do their best to extricate Bob from the huge iron rod which had pinned him to the floor when the crew had dropped it. The three gathered their provisions, guns, and clothing preparatory to making a jump aboard an iceberg when one should reach their freighter. When it struck, they pitched their supplies to the icy shelf. Just as the freighter started careening away from the iceberg, the three made their leap for the icy shelf.

CHAPTER TWO—ABOARD THE ICY DREADNAUGHT

BOB STRUCK the icy plateau feet first, but to keep his feet was impossible. They shot up in the air and he came down sprawling and skidding along on the slippery surface of the ice. He came to a stop against a box of canned tomatoes, and glancing about he saw Dan and Old Spike whizzing along on their backs and doing some lively skrimishing to stop themselves.

Coming to a stop, the three climbed carefully to their feet and gazed out at the listing *Banaza*. The

freighter was slipping off to the left of them around the side of the berg. But suddenly two other bergs came plowing around the berg they were on, one on each side. These two new-comers were moving considerably faster than their own dreadnaught. The one on the left caught the ship, forcing her forward before its continuous advance as if the heavy freighter had no weight at all.

Bob stood staring with the others as the two bergs, one on each side, moved on ahead. They watched them draw gradually together, as if plowing down the long sides of a huge letter V toward its point; they saw the freighter again try to slip around her captor's icy side, but too late. The two mountains of ice came slowly together, with the *Banaza* caught between them like a trapped animal.

And even as the two mountains of ice were pressing her strong sides to the breaking point, a voice, clear and strong, broke from the deck of the doomed ship and floated out to them.

"Our topic for consideration this morning, friends of the universe, are the words of our Divine Protector: 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the ends of the earth!'"

"The radio," said Bob. "It was set on a station."

The voice had ended. There was a moment of quiet. Then the voice began again.

"This . . ." That was all. As the three looked from their position on the iceberg, the sturdy freighter was crushed like a berry-crate. A great crackling of its timbers rent the air; huge splinters leaped skyward. Then it was over. The two bergs fell away from each other again, to go moving onward on their journey of destruction—formidable dreadnaughts of God. While in their wake the crushed remains of the *Banaza* slipped from sight beneath the waves as if it were a single water-logged board.

The vanishing of the freighter from the surface of the ocean left the three realizing more than ever that they were helplessly adrift—adrift in the middle of trackless ocean on a moving mountain of solid ice—a thing that no ship would venture close enough to, for the crew to see them.

"It might be a long ride for us, boys," said Old Spike. "We can't guide this thing or speed it up. We can do absolutely nothing but make ourselves as comfortable as possible and wait. Where we are going, and what the outcome will be, is known only to Providence."

HALF the afternoon was spent in rigging up a kind of camp in a deep, narrow cave-like depression running back into the side of their icy ship. About mid-afternoon Bob noticed a heavy, grayish over-casting of the sky, and drew old Spike's attention to it.

"We're in for a blow, soon," said the veteran engineer, squinting at the leaden sky. "There'll be plenty of snow and wind, and it won't be long in breaking loose. Storms come up quick in these latitudes."

Before ten minutes had passed Bob and Dan knew that old Spike spoke the truth. There was a sudden flurry, then the storm burst in all its icy fury.

The three hastily withdrew into the bowl-like cave where all their heavy clothing and provisions were stored. The temperature dropped rapidly. A fierce icy blast swept the sides of the iceberg, whipped in and out about its lofty peaks and cave-like depressions with a high whistling noise. The air was filled

*"That means the . . .!"
Bob paused significantly,
a lump settling in his
throat.*

*"The Ice!" Dan finished,
his face ashen in the
candle light.*



ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

with millions of particles of snow, driven before the mighty wind at break-neck speed.

Bob watched the half-dark ocean without. It began to heave and roll fearfully under the force of the disturbing elements. Great waves began to lift and roll toward the high shelf on which they had taken refuge, bringing with them numerous ice-floes which were steadily becoming larger.

Suddenly a great black wave, higher than the others, came looming toward them, seemingly high above their shelf. It broke against the iceberg with tremendous force, but the inconceivable bulk of ice rode through the waves like a steamship through a ripple. Like the dreaded monster of the deep it was, the ice-mountain cut its way majestically through the violent, heaving and rolling disturbance of the ocean with little more than a slight swinging and rising and falling motion.

Dark waves, towering high, seemed always on the brink of engulfing them—only to break with harmless force against the berg's cold icy

sides. On and on went this monster of the deep, carrying its three passengers huddled together in the protection of one of its many icy caves. The sky was blackness itself. The ocean continued its mad heaving, a trackless mass of darkness and gloom. Wave after wave continued to hurl itself in vain against their icy dreadnaught.

AFTER several hours the darkness of night was added to the darkness of the storm, and the three could but sit and listen to the howling of the gale and the dashing of the waves as they broke against the solid abutment of ice with a sound that was like breakers in a hurricane.

Time and again Bob wondered what could be the fate of the Ban-aza's crew. Unless some vessel picked them up, they were surely lost. For the little life-boats would never ride through this pandemonium of the deep.

Old Spike fastened a thick blanket across the mouth of their cave to

keep out the snow and wind, then took a candle from a small box which he had brought along and struck a match to it. The flickering light shone dazzlingly against the icy walls.

"First let's see which way we're headed, then we'll have something to eat," remarked old Spike. He pulled a small hand-compass from his pocket and held it flat in the candle-light.

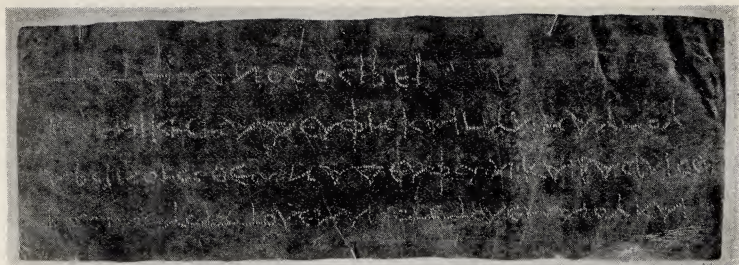
Bob noticed a deep frown pass across his face. Deep lines furrowed his forehead for a moment, then slowly smoothed out. But he still held the compass; he still looked at the little instrument as if he found what he saw there hard to believe.

Bob moved so he could see the face of the compass. The slender black needle on the dial was hovering over the capital N.

"North!" The one word broke from Bob's lips.

The veteran engineer hastily slipped the compass into his pocket. It was plain that he hadn't meant for the youths to know what the little needle told, at least not yet.

(Continued on page 190)



Used by Permission
British Museum

Engraved Gold Tablet of the Second Century B. C., discovered under the foundation stone of a temple at Canopies, Egypt, in 1818. The engravings are in Greek.

METAL PLATES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By GORDON B. HINCKLEY

MENTION of the engraving of records on metal is made in the Old Testament as well as in the Book of Maccabees in the Apocrypha. Research in ancient history has shown conclusively that the Egyptians, Hebrews and Greeks used tablets of metal to record important documents. Ethnologists have gathered evidence which demonstrates that the Inca-ruled natives of Peru and the Aztecs of Mexico had a knowledge of the smelting of metals and that in some cases they engraved records on sheets of metal. Engraved records have been found even among the relics of North American Indians.

And yet, in the face of this evidence, there are a great many people who cannot see as reasonable the assertion made by Joseph Smith that the records from which the Book of Mormon was translated were engraved on gold tablets.

But a visit to the British Museum in London should shake the incredulity of these people.

In this great archive of the British Commonwealth, among specimens gathered from the breadth of the earth, is a collection of oriental books and manuscripts. In case C of this collection is a particularly fascinating group of old records. Small, thin slabs of polished wood, their edges slightly warped with age, are artistically painted with strange looking language characters. Glistening ivory sheets bear finely tooled writings. Among the lot is a thin gold plate engraved on both sides. But of special interest is a set of twenty-five silver plates. Approximately two inches wide by eighteen

inches long, they have two holes cut through their centers through which, apparently, rings or rods were once run to hold them together. The description card in the case reads:

"A Pali manuscript in the Sinhalese character, containing the *Dhammachakkapaccattana Sutta*, Buddha's first sermon preached at Benares, and the *Chulakammavibhanga Sutta*. Beautifully engraved on 25 leaves of silver. Early 19th century."

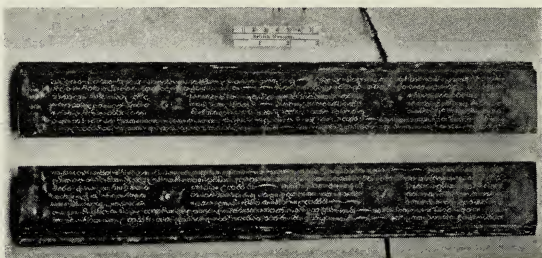
But perhaps even more interesting for those who refuse to believe the story of the Book of Mormon plates is a piece to be seen in the Jewelry Room of the Museum. It is in a case containing Late Greek Jewelry,

4th to 1st century, B. C. Of thin gold, approximately two inches wide by six inches long, it is engraved with Greek characters. The card of description reads:

"Gold tablet with dedication of Temple to Osiris by Ptolemy Euergetes—I, and Berenice, B. C. 242-222.

"Discovered under foundation stone of a temple at Canopus, Egypt, in 1818 and presented by Mahomet Ali to Sir Sidney Smith."

A Pali manuscript in the sinhalese character showing two of twenty-five leaves of silver which contain Buddha's first sermon preached at Benares.



Used by Permission British Museum.

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE BEST OF THE YEAR'S POETRY

The judges of the poetry this year: Dr. Parley A. Christensen, Brigham Young University; Dr. Sherman Brown Neff, University of Utah; and Dr. N. A. Pedersen, Utah State Agricultural College, selected these four poems as being the best printed in "The Improvement Era" for the year 1935. In previous contests three poems have been chosen. This year, however, two poems received exactly the same number of points for the third place and therefore duplicate awards are being given. The first place honors go to Miss Rosannah Cannon, who received two first places by the three judges; second place goes to Mrs. Alberta Huish Christensen, who likewise received second place from two of the judges; third place honors are divided between James Owen Tryon and Edgar Daniel Kramer.

"The Improvement Era" takes great pleasure in sending a check of \$10.00 to Miss Cannon, one of \$5.00 to Mrs. Christensen, and a check of \$3.00 each to Edgar Daniel Kramer and James Owen Tryon.

(First Prize Winner)

The Lonely Year

By ROSANNAH CANNON

OH, NOT the bright harvest of the fields for me!
Rather the chill line of shore, the grey sea;
Not fluttering butterflies, pinks, nor goldenglow,
But the desperate bleakness of trees, bare to the
snow.

Never before this year knew I the pain
Of restless April, crying down each lane;
Nor guessed what torture lay outside my room
In the sweet flush of apple trees in bloom.

Now give me only winter's silent cold,
Beauty is terrible when one grows old.
Spring is a weeping ghost of loves that died,
Summer, a sword-thrust in my naked side.

(Tied for Third Prize)

Nothing is Lost

By JAMES OWEN TRYON

NOTHING is lost, so long as dreams re-build
The shattered walls and bastions of our lives,
Nothing is lost, so long as hope revives,
With its recurrent springs, what frost has stilled,
This plot of earth which I call mine is filled.
With powers prophetic, with a strength which
strives

In quiet ways to break its icy gyves
And disprove winter's boast that it has killed.

So lest I grant that this poor strip of ground
Which greens and quickens to a voice unheard
Has more of immortality than I,

I shall not take misfortune at its word
Or let my soul to poverty be bound.

Have we not both the roof-tree of the sky?

(Second Prize Winner)

Request

By ALBERTA HUISH CHRISTENSEN

I PRAY you do not stay too long, Sweet Spring,
Lest I forget that winter come at all,
I am asleep to all earth whisperings
When petals fall.

Mute half the singing of your throat, Sweet
Spring,
Lest my frail ear so brimmed at hearing all
The symphony, should miss when summer comes
The linnet's call.

For I would drain the honeysuckle cup,
And lean on Fall's fruit-laden hedge a day,
But lest you leave no appetite for these—
Spring, haste away!

(Tied for Third Prize)

Who Walks with Dreams

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

WHO WALKS with dreams is ever fey
Within the eyes of other men
Too blind to see the fairies play,
Where moonlight wanders through the glen.

Their little wisdom heaps its mirth
Upon the lad who walks with dreams,
Because he hears God in the earth
And understands the tumbling streams.

They sneer because he scorns their dross
To talk with flowers, birds, and trees;
They give the hemlock and the cross
To Jesus and to Socrates.

And yet, when he has journeyed far
Into the realms beyond the dawn,
Lo, he becomes a guiding star
To lead them whither he has gone.



HOW A SMART FOX LOST HIS FREEDOM

By HENRY IANNONE

ONE COLD November evening in Alaska, the crimson sun swung low over the spruce dotted northern hills. With the chill of the coming night the tiny streams of water falling down the mountains froze into stillness as the sun dropped over the jagged horizon. The tops of the snow-capped hills glowed crimson, then darkness fell with the numbing cold of the Arctic.

High in the sky the Aurora Borealis flashed intermittently over the tall peaks and brooding forest. The deep base hunger cries of hunting wolves echoed from hill to valley. From the depths of the tangled forest came the terrifying hoot of a great horned owl gliding down a frosted glen. This was the hunting season, the season of terror. The more timid of the woods creatures shivered with fear and snuggled deeper in their warm nests. To eat or be eaten is the first law of life in the wilderness.

In the marshes along the shores of the silver Chilkat Lake industrious muskrats had already put the last piles of mud on their thick winter

lodges—thicker this year than usual, for hadn't the Great Mother of all the wilderness people whispered serious words of advice to all of her children? Hadn't she cautioned the ducks and geese to leave the lakes and ponds earlier this year than ever before? Hadn't she given to the lumbering bear an earlier drowsiness, and wasn't the fur of the silly arctic rabbit fluffier, and didn't he have much larger feet than last winter? Truly Old Mother Nature was kind to the creatures of the wilds, for she had prepared each one of them for the kind of life that he would have to live.

Beneath a timbered ledge on a hill near the lake, Kiyee, the silver fox, and Crop Ear, the cross fox, had their den. It was in a deep crevice that ran back into the ledge for a considerable distance. The opening was just large enough to admit the bodies of the two foxes.

Kiyee and his mate Crop Ear had occupied the crevice den for several years because the surrounding woods offered excellent hunting and their clever wits never failed to supply them with sufficient small game to keep them sleek and fat. That they were sleek and fat was well attested by the fact that the fore part of the den was littered by a vast accumulation of small bones and feathers. The two foxes were clever because they had withstood the many attempts and methods of trappers to catch them with different types of snares and traps.

Another trapping season would soon begin and Kiyee and Crop Ear knew that in the deep snow the menace of those cruel claw-like things was greatly increased. Kiyee knew that traps could cause much suffering and pain from personal experience because in his younger days he had disregarded his mother's

careful warnings and had carelessly stepped into a trap. He had freed himself with the loss of a toe, but when it became extremely cold he was painfully reminded of the incident by the agony in his right front foot. He knew also how traps smelled and whenever he caught the hated scent he always backtracked and made a wide detour around the dreaded spot. Furthermore Kiyee had taught Crop Ear all he knew about such cruel implements of torture. With the coming of the hunger season they would have to be more cautious in their hunting activities.

IN a patch of scrub spruce on the opposite shore of the lake nestled a tiny log cabin, moss-chinked, snug and welcome in the great immensity of the wilderness. Sitting close to a Yukon stove absorbing its grateful warmth Jean Le Blondeau, a huge French-Canadian, and Tom Birden, a squat red-bearded Irishman, discussed the prospects of the winter's trapping.

"I theenk we catch dat sleek fox dese weenter, Tom."

"Maybe so, Jean."

"He fool us two weenters now. He weel not fool us no more times."

"We'll straighten up our junk in the cabin, Jean. Them snowshoes have got to be fixed. It will be quite a few days before we can start setting traps. When the fur gets primer, we can start after the slippery old boy."

"We boil dese fox trap een fox scent for long time. Then we fool hem."

"That fox is a pretty smart feller, Jean. He has lived just long enough to get wise to the ways of the world. Chookee Gus told me that he had seen a black silver fox in these parts five years ago."

"Bawh! Dat halfbreed see weeth crooked eyes. He know nothing but keeck an' beat hees squaw. Say,

Tom, maybe dat sleek fellar been caught een trap before. You teenk so?"

"He probably has. When I trailed him last winter it appeared to me that one of his toes was missing from his front foot."

"Ah! Let's go to bed. It's getting late," concluded Tom.

AS the season advanced the snow became deeper and the air grew colder. Then the woods creatures awoke one morning to find that the lake was a solid sheet of glistening ice. With this change in temperature, Kiyee and Crop Ear were forced to forage farther and farther from their snug den. Arctic rabbits with their large snowshoe hind feet could easily elude the two foxes in the tangles of alder and willow bushes in the meadows along the shores of the lake. Nature in her desire to be fair to all the creatures of the wild had provided rabbits with large snowshoe hind feet that could skip lightly over the snow, while the heavier foxes with their trim little feet would break through the crust and make much noise in their efforts to capture this game. So much noise did the two foxes make that even the snow-white Ptarmigan whirled up from their cold beds like silver bomb shells at their approach. Hunting food in the deep snow was tiring work and the foxes became hungrier and gaunter with the passing of the short winter days.

One day Kiyee and Crop Ear foraged farther around the lake than usual and chance brought them upon the well-defined trail of the two trappers. Though the clever pair hated the sour man-scent with all the hate and fear in their tiny hearts, the pangs of hunger forced them to cross the trail in the possibility that they might find better hunting grounds. Soon they came upon a

wide meadow fringed with alder and willow bushes. Rabbit trails ran everywhere and Kiyee, hunting back and forth about fifty feet from Crop Ear, pounced upon a squealing hare. Sharing the kill the two foxes filled their empty stomachs.

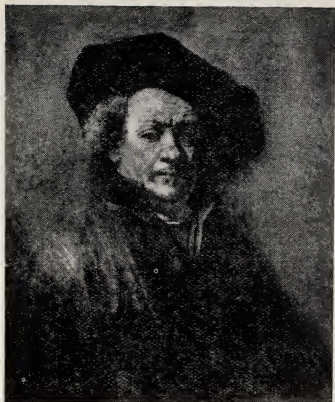
As the region they were now in offered better hunting, they stayed in the vicinity several weeks, hunting whenever they were hungry and sharing all they killed. One early morning Kiyee and Crop Ear, zig-zagging back and forth on a rabbit trail, came upon the snow-shoe path made by the two trappers in going to and from their rabbit jerk snares. Several more inches of snow had fallen since the two men had passed, so the foxes could not detect the dreadful man-scent. Rabbit trails crossed and re-crossed the main trail and in places followed it for a short distance. It seemed to Kiyee's delicate nose that the tracks which ran in the main trail were not as fresh as the tracks that crossed the trail.

Hunting their zig-zag courses near this path one early morning, Crop Ear flushed a large Arctic hare from beneath a small alder bush. The fact that Crop Ear was surprised at the size of the gangling-legged fellow prevented her from catching him at the outset. The hare not seeing Kiyee veered in his direction. Kiyee rushed at the excited rabbit, but the rabbit being a powerful fellow dodged and started down the snow-shoe path closely pursued by both Kiyee and Crop Ear. The large hare, feeling the hard packed snow of the trail beneath his feet, spurted ahead and was leaving the foxes far behind. Suddenly they saw the rabbit leap straight into the air. Non-plussed they ran a short distance and then

(Continued on page 187)

He paused in his wild struggling. He whined pitifully for Crop Ear. She was nowhere to be seen.





Rembrandt—the Artist
Courtesy the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

By WINIFRED HEATH

MANY OF US HAVE ENJOYED THE MASTERLY PAINTINGS BY REMBRANDT, AND A FEW OF US HAVE INQUIRED A BIT INTO HIS HISTORY, BUT MISS HEATH, OF CALIFORNIA, HAS PRESENTED SUCH A PLEASING BRIEF PICTURE OF THIS GREAT GENIUS THAT WE ARE PASSING IT ON TO OUR READERS.

REMBRANDT was one of the most original and forceful painters who ever lived, excelling in color, characterization and *chiaroscuro*, or the delicate and difficult art of distributing light and shade. The luminous shining forth from the shadows which gives an almost ethereal beauty to some of his pictures is symbolic of the artist himself who, in his darkest hours, wrought some of his finest work.

Rembrandt's high standing as one of the great masters of art, is due not only to his marvelous ability with brush and pigment, but the originality of his mind, and the power of his imagination. He had a deep sympathy with an insight into human nature, was poet as well as painter, an idealist and a realist, a most rare combination. In his treatment of light and shade he remains still supreme, and from his dramatic action and mastery of expression he has been called "the Shakespeare of Holland."

Rembrandt, in his early days, loved to paint the people of his own home town, Leyden—the beggars and cripples, every picturesque face and form that he could find. Life, character, and, above all, light were the aims of his early studies. In later years when he lived in Amsterdam, he painted the portraits of many old people such as he saw in the Jewish quarter where he lived. Particularly did he love to paint the old men and women whose years had brought them deep wrinkles and a large kindliness of heart.

In painting or etching his many Biblical scenes and characters, Rembrandt made them real by using everyday folk. William von Bode, noted German art critic (1845-1929) and foremost authority on Dutch and Flemish painting, says in his splendid work, "Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting:"

Rembrandt is the first, perhaps the only painter, who has interpreted the Bible in the spirit of the Bible. In his paintings Christ and his disciples, who came of the poorest in the world, turn to the people and work among and for them. The simple truth of his representations, the honesty and depth of his feeling, speak as clear and eloquent a language as the words of the Gospel.

In the many pictures that Rembrandt painted of his beloved mother there is always a Bible in her hands, and from this great book he drew consolation and inspiration after she had gone on. In drawing, painting, and etching he has pictured the Biblical scene, for besides being a master of painting he was a consummate etcher. One of his finest etchings is "The Good Samaritan," and another "The Three Trees" in which he shows a marvelous gift for portraying nature. An etching of his mother is done so simply, so beautifully, that it goes home to our hearts. In Rembrandt's genius there is something of that light which never was on sea or land—a spirit-radiance untranslatable in words.

Rembrandt Harmensz Van Rijn was born at Leyden in 1607. This ancient Dutch city was a fitting place for the birth of so valiant a soul. Its heroic burghers had saved their city from the invading Spanish forces after a long and terrible siege,

and had been rewarded therefor by the gift of a university. It is also worth noting that they had been given a choice between the removal of taxes and the erection of a seat of learning—and by common consent had chosen the latter.

Rembrandt's first model, and a very patient one, was his little sister Lijsbeth, a willing and interested sitter, no doubt marveling at the remarkable things her big brother could do with pencil or brush. His father, a prosperous miller, wanted to make a learned man of him or a first class miller. They sent him to school but the results were disappointing, for he still persisted in drawing and painting. If his master scolded, instead of listening with hanging head, Rembrandt drew a mental picture of the angry man, the lift of one eyebrow, the quirk to his upper lip, the spark in his eye.

One day he came very late to class, and upon being asked the reason why, calmly explained that he had been drawing his mother's picture and had paid no attention to the time. This particular teacher took some interest in his odd pupil and told him to go home and get the picture. When he saw the remarkable drawing he decided that here was a genius who would one day make his home city of Leyden famous.

We can well imagine the happiness of the boy, Rembrandt, when he found someone who took him and his ambitions seriously. His good father listened when the enthusiastic teacher told him that his son had something more than mere talent and should be given all encouragement possible. There hap-

MASTER OF LIGHT AND SHADE

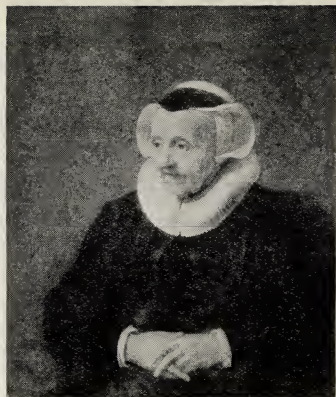
pened to be another artist in the family, although not a very good one, and with him Rembrandt studied three years. Then he went to Amsterdam and studied under an able painter named Lastman who started Rembrandt on the road which he was to follow.

After a while Amsterdam woke up to the presence of this fine artist in their midst and he was suddenly besieged with orders for portraits and pupils who came from far and wide. His first great work was "The Lesson in Anatomy" a very remarkable picture for a young man of 25.

In Amsterdam, Rembrandt became the friend of Hendrick Van Uylenborch who had a picture store. As the young man wandered around among the prints and books he caught sight of a pretty, auburn-haired girl. She was the picture-dealer's cousin, Saskia, and came of a very good Frisian family, having the fair hair and rosy cheeks for which the women of Friesland are noted.

Rembrandt asked the privilege of painting her portrait, which was granted, the result being that the artist and his pleasant model fell in love with each other. They were married in 1634 when Rembrandt was 27 and Saskia just twenty years old. She brought her husband a rich dowry and he spent a large part of it on their fine home and in collecting all manner of treasures. He gathered up many gorgeous oriental costumes, old weapons, priceless gems, ropes of pearl, and with these he dressed up Saskia and himself, and made their portraits, sometimes alone, sometimes together. They are joyous pictures when the two young people were almost unbelievably happy. Probably no artist has painted so many pictures of himself as Rembrandt, in all kinds of poses, with all manner of expressions, and was often seen by peeping pupils parading before the glass, gesticulating, frowning, smiling, watching the various effects of all the emotions. Nor was this personal vanity, but a very intensive course in the study of human nature. He continued to make his own picture when he was no longer

*Portrait of an Old Woman
Courtesy the Metropolitan
Museum of Art.*



a gallant young man very much in love, but old and scarred with the battle of life.

THROUGH the years he grew in depth and power of expression, attaining to a most marvelous understanding of the pigments with which he worked. During the happy years of his married life his pictures became warmer, richer than they had ever been, the light and shade effects amazing. There is a touch of make-believe in them, and Saskia and he seem to be on parade, decked in the most gorgeous and fancy raiment, sparkling with jewels.

His most noteworthy picture at this period was the so-called "Night Watch." It is in reality a daylight picture, as was discovered after extraneous shadows of long accumulated dust had been removed from the surface. This startling canvas with its light, color, and shadowy background was in reality a picture of Captain Banning Cock's Militia Company. With a somewhat prosaic subject Rembrandt wrought marvels. As Fromentin, the great French critic says "Light is the principal personage of the picture."

This masterpiece marked the beginning of Rembrandt's troubles and loss of popularity. The picture had been commissioned as a portrait group of the Company who had all expected to be completely visible. When they discovered that most of them were in shadow or completely out of sight, there was an uproar. Those who were brilliantly in sight were delighted, those who were not refused to pay their part of the expense. None of these worthy gentlemen seemed to have given any

consideration to Rembrandt's great picture as a work of art. What they wanted was a portrait group and it seems a pity that there were no cameras to be had in those days which would have completely satisfied their ambition.

One year after the painting of the "Sortie" of the Banning Company, Saskia died, taking with her the sunlight she had brought into her husband's life. Much of her dowry had been dissipated in the collection of various treasures, including fine pictures by the Italian masters. Rembrandt had refused to go abroad to study, saying that he wished to be himself, not the copy of any other. But he admired to the full the great painters of Italy and bought many of their canvases so that he might study and learn from them.

Left a widower at 38 with one sickly child, Titus, whose picture he has given us, Rembrandt's affairs went from bad to worse. In 1656 he was forced to sell all his possessions, even his home, and many of his own paintings, and for a pitiful sum. He went to live in a mean little hostelry in the poorest part of Amsterdam. Here in this Dutch Ghetto, alone, out of favor, poor, and unhappy he wrought some of his finest work. With sympathetic eyes he studied those humble, hard-working folk with whom his lot had been so unexpectedly cast. One of the finest and most haunting pictures of this period is called simply "The Portrait of an Old Man." From out a sombre background there looks a lined and tender countenance, whose strong

(Concluded on page 180)

Editorial

The Power Within Man

THE YOUTH of today are inclined to look helplessly into the future. The old paths to success seem closed. Losses and suffering have overwhelmed millions of innocent people. This is a day of confusion. The house of civilization is shaken and twisted as by an earthquake of unknown cause and condition. Fear has crept into the hearts of men.

Serious as present conditions are, youth must remain hopeful. Courage and youth should be inseparable. Fear is the father of weakness; courage the mother of strength. The future is not wholly dark.

War, persecution, social upheaval and economic depression sweep the earth, as tempests and blizzards rage unbidden upon the land, but they do not last forever. They have value in that they teach the need of preparedness against future disasters. The broken law, the real cause, must be sought out and obeyed. Then prosperity is compelled to return.

Immutable laws operate in the lightning of the skies; fixed laws underlie the changing affairs of men. Prosperity or depression, success or failure, is usually the fruit of man's actions. Man's right as a free agent does not transcend law, otherwise chaos would rule and reign. Freedom is the child of obedience to law, while bondage is born of opposition to law. If youth will earnestly search out law and as resolutely obey it, prosperity will return and plead for acceptance.

Perhaps the way out is simpler and clearer than is commonly assumed. Look back over the immediate past! Was there lust for money and power and fame, at the cost of simple honesty and justice to the poor and unfortunate? Was strength of body and mind surrendered to the satisfaction of unnatural appetites? Were industry and toil exchanged for ease and luxury? Were the virtue of woman and the honor of man forgotten? Was ethics placed above religion? Was time wasted and power frittered away? Answers to these and similar questions might explain our present dilemma and suggest the way out.

The United States made a noble attempt to control the liquor evil, an evil injurious to the body, wasteful of money and offensive in the sight of God. The law was not obeyed, or given time to prove its worth. How much of the present depression may be charged to the subtle corrosion of the national soul resulting from that one national disobedience? How sadly do we need, today, for saner purposes, the billions now spent by the nation for tea and coffee, liquor and tobacco, useless in human economy?

The responsibility for recovery rests upon the masses of men, upon each one of us. The few in official position, though of tremendous importance, can never and should never relieve the many of their obligations. No law is effective against the will of the people. The Bastille had thick walls,

high towers, drawbridges, and strong locks, but when the people so decreed, it fell and the prisoners went free. Neither Congress nor Wall Street can be wholly charged with our disaster, or cure our condition. Only the people, each one of us, can conquer the troubles that surround us.

Such corrective changes are spiritual in their nature, for "Out of the heart are the issues of life." This may be a new day, but the laws of life are unchanging.

If youth will become law abiding, through and through, their coming day will be the greatest ever known.

"Men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward."

Youth, moving into the waiting future, must use "the power within them." Then all will in time be well, and our present trouble become transmuted into joy.—J. A. W.

On "Being Different"

A THOUGHTFUL estimate of a gentleman has been accredited to the Seventeenth Century Dutch surgeon, Jan Van Loon, contemporary and confidant of Rembrandt, in which he applies this much sought after designation to one who has been taught to go through life with a "minimum of social friction" without sacrificing "his own principles, or dignity."

There is much to recommend this brief estimate of character and conduct. The matter of avoiding "social friction" is one thing, but the matter of avoiding it without any sacrifice of one's own principles may be something very different. Perhaps "avoiding social friction" is used more often as justification for major and minor departures from principle than any other excuse. People generally, young people in particular, too often seem to have a phobia against "being different"—even against being righteously and admirably different—when it comes to matters of social conduct and popular practice.

Among good and well meaning, but sometimes thoughtless young men, "being a good sport" or, "staying with the crowd" are often given as perfectly plausible and satisfactory excuses for doing things that are contrary to their training, contrary to their belief and contrary to their inclinations and desires.

Among wholesome and charming, but somewhat shortsighted young ladies, "following fashion" or "being broadminded and modern" are frequently advanced as being ample justification for doing things that are not at all in keeping with their home background, with their ideals or with their own appraisement of social propriety.

We owe it to ourselves to ask some pertinent questions and arrive at some definite conclusions.

And one conclusion that may well be stated before any questions are asked, is this:—If we can maintain our principles and ideals without "being different," well and good; but if we cannot, the only thing in reason's name left for us to do is to be different!

The kind of popularity that depends for its existence upon the sacrificing of principles and ideals never was and never will be worth the price that anyone ever paid for it. In the first place that kind of popularity does not endure. No one who sacrifices his own convictions for the superficial good opinion of others can ever hope to enjoy the permanent respect and esteem of any group or society—neither the society he has sacrificed nor the company he has adopted by so doing.

Whenever the matter of sacrificing principle to avoid temporary embarrassment presents itself the question always arises: With whom do we want to be popular? By whom do we want to be accepted? Popularity among people with whom we must exchange principles and ideals for social acceptance, is certainly not the kind of popularity that is or ever was worth seeking after. Much rather had we seek after acceptance among those people to whom the maintenance of a worthy ideal is a recommendation of the highest order.

Another pertinent question comes to mind:—Why be afraid of "being different?" The young socialite will go to great lengths to find a "different" creation in wearing apparel, and considers it something of a social triumph if she manages to do so. Surely "being different" by gracious and tolerant refusal to follow the crowd beyond the point permitted by one's own convictions is no less a social triumph!

So long as we live in a world which does not accept a single law of conduct, a single standard of ethics, or a single code of morals, we shall have this problem to face. So long as we mingle socially and in business and in our schools and communities with people whose views and standards of living are not identical with ours, we shall be confronted with a choice between being discreetly different or sacrificing our own standards and beliefs.

There are perhaps at least two ways to meet this situation. One is to recede "into our own shell" and avoid social contacts with all whose views and standards differ from our own, thereby becoming cloistered away in our own smugness and defeating our own purposes by hiding from others what we have every reason to believe is a perfected and workable plan of life. It is doubtful if this solution should be generally recommended.

Another possible procedure is to continue normal social and business and professional contacts with a determination to be discreetly and graciously "different" whenever the sacrifice of an ideal or principle is involved. In other words, we must learn to look upon the maintenance of our own standards as a social achievement—as an opportunity to distinguish ourselves for being "different" in accordance with our own beliefs without giving offense or creating "friction."

There may be other ways out of the dilemma; but certainly the way of "compromise" is not to be considered. Compromise, where an ideal is in-

involved, simply means that a defeat has been suffered. Victory, in matters of fundamental truth, does not come by sacrificing truth for temporary convenience. Such compromise is responsible for most of the error in the world, if not all of it, because temporary compromise too often leads to permanent departure from the intended course.

It becomes apparent, therefore, that the old and oft-repeated proposition holds true in matters of social conduct and personal habit as it does with all fundamentals, namely—either the thing is right or it is wrong. If it is wrong, the individual has nothing of value to gain by yielding to it. If it is right, its maintenance is a social achievement, a mark of distinction and a demonstration of sound moral character.

No matter how we choose to work out this ever recurring problem for ourselves, and no matter what difficult situation may confront us, it is true and gratifying to know that no member of the Church ever had cause to be ashamed or embarrassed when he was upholding with dignity and quiet sincerity the teachings of the Church and the ideals and principles of its membership. No member of the Church ever had cause to be anything but mightily proud under such circumstances.

Embarrassment comes with deserting an ideal or apologizing for it, but never with remaining true to it. If there is ever cause for embarrassment because of the teachings of the Church it is embarrassment suffered by those who have not sustained them, either inwardly or outwardly, and not by those who have.

The most enviable social grace, the most admirable poise, the most lovable ease of manner and the most engaging attractiveness belong to those who with sincere dignity and tolerant conviction are true to their ideals on all occasions.—*R. L. E.*

Dreams or Vagaries

DREAMS reveal the heights to which we may climb; vagaries show the abysses at our feet. The dream reveals interests which may become life-lines of interest attached to goals which connect the whole of life, giving purpose to it. The vagary or idle dream lets the lines sag because there is no goal to which it fastens itself.

Everything worthwhile has been first preceded by the dream of what could be. Long before Fulton used steam to propel his boat, the Arabs in their story of Aladdin's lamp had the constructive dream of what steam could do. Long before the Wright brothers modeled their airplane, the dream of flight existed among the Greeks in their myth of the flight of Icarus.

Idle day-dreaming brings disaster in its wake. It dissipates the faculties of those who indulge. They fritter away the talents which lie within them. Others who dream aright attach themselves to a great cause. They utilize their God-given qualities to better themselves and mankind.

Latter-day Saints have the power to attach their dreams to the cause which Jesus of Nazareth set forth when He walked the earth and following His path they can reach the road which leads to eternal perfection.—*M. C. J.*



The Church Moves On

Yellowstone Stake

Horace A. Hess was appointed president of the Yellowstone Stake on January 5th, 1936. His counselors are Karl C. Klinger and E. Glen Cameron.

Richmond South Ward—Benson Stake

On Sunday, January 5th, 1936, J. Morris Godfrey was sustained as Bishop of Richmond South Ward, Benson Stake.

Salt Lake City Eleventh Ward—Ensign Stake

Ebenezer A. Child appointed Bishop of the Eleventh Ward, Salt Lake City, on January 5th, 1936.

Salt Lake City Whittier Ward—Wells Stake

The Whittier Ward, Wells Stake, Chapel was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant on Sunday, January 12, 1936.

Bennion Ward—Cottonwood Stake

President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Chapel in Bennion Ward, Cottonwood Stake, on January 19, 1936.

Ogden Twelfth Ward—Mt. Ogden Stake

On Sunday, January 19, 1936, Joseph E. Evans was appointed Bishop of the Ogden 12th Ward, Mt. Ogden Stake.

Salt Lake City Harvard Ward—Liberty Stake

Harvard Ward, Liberty Stake, was organized on Sunday, January 26, 1936, with Joseph Call Nelson as Bishop. This ward was created out of Liberty Ward, Liberty Stake.

LEADERSHIP WEEK A SUCCESS

FOR THE fifteenth consecutive year, Leadership Week was held at the Brigham Young University from January 27 to 31. The purpose of this meet is to promote more effective training and better teaching among Latter-day Saints. The theme this year was one which attracted favorable comment: Promoting Spirituality Today.

In keeping with the theme many of the general authorities were present to address the groups as well as to conduct special work in the various organizations. The M. I. A. held daily sessions in Bee-Hive conducted by the members of the General Board. Special department work was arranged

by the General Board members and carried forward by teachers of the Brigham Young University. The Sunday School and the Primary also conducted special work for their groups. The state had its convention of social workers there which included many workers from the Relief Society.

The work progressed more smoothly, more interestingly, and was better attended in the increased number (thirty-three) departments than ever before. Undoubtedly as a result of this successful Leadership Week, the Church itself will benefit since there were representatives from the surrounding states as well as some attending from Canada. These leaders will carry the ideas which they obtained back to their own groups and better work will result.

LETTER OF BRIGHAM YOUNG IN CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

WHAT HAS been accepted as the first printing done in Nebraska is a letter of Brigham Young printed at Winter Quarters. The government is making a collection of first books printed in each state for its great library at Washington, D. C. Douglas Crawford McMurtie, a Chicago printer who has been aiding the United States in this collection, has found convincing evidence that this letter was printed and distributed by the Saints while they sojourned in Winter Quarters prior to their bringing the printing press to Utah.

The document itself is of great interest coming as it did while the Mormons were in the very midst of their westward migration. It consists of eight pages in which Brigham Young urged the Latter-day Saints to follow him and the other leaders in their journey "over the mountains" to Salt Lake valley and suggested if they had any suitable paper for printing that they take it with them.

The letter bears the imprint, "Written at Winter Quarters, Omaha Nation, west bank of the Missouri river, near Council Bluffs, North America." It is dated December 23, 1847, and signed in behalf of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, Brigham Young, president; Willard Richards, clerk.

Book collectors assert that the epistle is priceless. Only a few other copies are still extant, three of them in bound volumes in the Church Office Building at Salt Lake City. An imprint of it, which of course could not begin to hold the value of the original, sold in Liverpool, England, for \$320.00.

The same printing press on which this epistle was struck off was the same old hand press which was brought across the plains later and used in publishing *The Deseret News*.

LAWYER AND RELIGIOUS LEADER PASSES

WHEN Judge Henry Hermann Rolapp died on January 8, 1936, the Church lost a valuable member. Born in Germany March 22, 1860, he resided there until 1880 when he moved to Liverpool, England. He lived there four years and then came to Salt Lake City where he became active in promoting the work of the Church and of the state of Utah. He served as president of the Eastern States Mission for a year and a half, published a book of Gospel Quotations of wide use in the Church, and was serving on the Church Auditing Committee at the time of his death.

HEAD OF INDEX BUREAU PASSES

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1936, the Genealogical Society of Utah and the Church generally suffered a great loss in the passing of Harry Hale Russell who devised the index system which has proved so valuable and indispensable in keeping genealogical records. Under his tutelage, the work has progressed until at the present time, there are over seven million names in the index files.

He was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, January 27, 1869. He received valuable training in record keeping in his work as bank president, as secretary, bookkeeper, clerk and recorder, and abstractor. He was placed in charge of the Temple Index Bureau in 1921, a position which he held until his death.

BOOK OF MORMON CANTATA TO BE PRODUCED

W. KING DRIGGS has written a cantata based on the Book of Mormon which is being produced by the Claremont Choral Club of Oakland, California, in May. The unusual appeal lies in the fact that the conductor and fifty of the sixty members of this group are non-Mormons.

Professor Reader, the conductor, has aroused not only the interest but also the enthusiasm of his group for the production of this purely Mormon cantata. The missionary value of this production can hardly be estimated.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

ELIMINATION OF HEADLIGHT GLARE

GOOD news to night drivers is the new optical material to eliminate headlight glare announced by the Land Wheelwright Laboratories of Boston. (*Science*, January 24, 1936.) Polaroid, the new material, will not only take away light dazzle without darkening the view but will also make possible motion pictures in three dimensions that have the optical illusion of depth similar to that of viewing a scene with the naked eye.

For use in automobiles all headlights would send out polarized light vibrating in one direction. Ordinary light vibrates in all directions. All windshields would be "crossed" so that they would stop light vibrating in the same direction as the headlights but permitting ordinary light to pass through. The light from the driver's own headlights would be scattered on striking the ground, destroying the polarization and permitting him to see objects ahead.

FIREPROOF WOOD

WOOD, the commonest building material, may now be fireproofed to help reduce fire losses according to a report from the National Board of Fire Underwriters. (*Time*, January 20, 1936.) The wood tested, processed by a New Jersey manufacturer, was red oak and maple saturated thoroughly and uniformly in pressure tanks with ammonium salts, which, when hot, release fire-smothering gases. The wood is almost as easily tooled as ordinary wood, takes varnish well and is no different in appearance. When exposed to intense heat for long periods it only charred deeply, but did not produce appreciable flame or aid in combustion.

RELIEF FOR ANGINA PECTORIS

A CHLORIFORM-LIKE drug inhaled as routine treatment makes attacks of angina pectoris less frequent and reduces pain. The drug, trichlorethylene was reported to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. John C. Krantz, Jr., of the University of Maryland School of Medicine, Baltimore. (*Science News Letter*, January 18, 1936.)

Patients suffering from this disease which has increased six times in twenty years get relief in a second from inhalation when the attacks of excruciating heart pain occur. Crushing a small vial in a handkerchief as routine

treatment, night and morning, makes attacks less frequent by a half or third.

An extract of the pancreas from which insulin has been removed has brought seemingly permanent relief from attacks in 85 per cent of the cases. Dr. James C. Munch said it had been tested on 500 patients.

NO REAL DECLINE OF MENTAL POWER WITH INCREASING AGE

THE POPULAR idea that aged persons decline in mental ability with advancing years was called "an unfortunate libel" by Dr. Irving Gorge, speaking before the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. (*Science News Letter*, January 11, 1936.)

Tests given to 143 unemployed adults, ranging from twenty to seventy years indicated that the apparent decline differs with different mental tests. The greatest decline was found with those involving speed. Such deterioration, more apparent than real, is due to a combination of dimming sight, slowing movements, dulled hearing, and a preoccupation with life's problems, all taken together. It is not a loss of mental power but an inability to work as fast with mental tasks.

IMPROVEMENT OF MEMORY BY SLEEP

IF A PERSON memorizes certain kinds of material perfectly and goes to sleep immediately afterward, instead of waiting several hours, he will recall more of it, and relearn it easier, after twenty-four hours have passed. Dr. H. M. Johnson, American University psychologist reported (*Science*, December 13, 1935) that the differences in favor of sleeping immediately varied between twenty and thirty per cent, according to the task and person. Other experiments showed that subjects who studied were better able to recall and also to relearn material that they had learned by rote and partially forgotten, if they first slept for eight hours and then worked for sixteen hours, than if they divided up their rest and work in any other way during the twenty-four hour period.

"IMMORTAL" HEART

A PIECE from the living heart of a chicken has been kept growing for twenty-four years by Dr. Alexis Carrel in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York City. (*Literary Digest*, January 25, 1936.) Twenty-four years ago the piece was placed in

a glass bulb where in a fluid containing the food it needs, supplied by pumps, it steadily contracts and expands as though it were a part of a real live chicken. Each week a part of the flesh must be cut away, or else it would have long ago become too large for its glass bulb. So far as biologists can tell it is now no "older" than when it first went into the laboratory, it is "immortal" so long as the pumps supply it with the necessary fluid.

LIGHTEST SOLID

THE LIGHTEST solid material ever made by man or found on earth has been produced at the Franklin Institute's Bartol Research Foundation laboratories at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. It is lithium of atomic weight 6, the lightest of two kinds of isotopes of this lightest metal. Iron is about fifty-five times as heavy, and helium used to inflate airships is only about half as heavy. Only a very little speck has as yet been produced, but there is hope of eventually getting usable amounts. (*Science*, January 17, 1936.)

PLANT HORMONE RESEARCH

BY USING new substances discovered in the last year, Drs. P. W. Zimmerman and A. E. Hitchcock, were able to make roots grow on stems, leaves, and even parts of flowers. (*Science News Letter*, January 11, 1936.) The plant hormones were rubbed on or injected into the plants, the roots appearing three to six days later. For this work these scientists were awarded the American Association for the Advancement of Science prize of \$1,000.

SURER ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

A SYSTEM of artificial respiration developed by Holger Nielsen, a Danish sports inspector, gives forty per cent higher efficiency, by actual test, than the generally used Schaeffer method. The Nielsen method has been tested and adopted by the Danish Red Cross and other interested bodies. (*Scientific American*, January, 1936.)

Artificial respiration is to get breathing started again in an unconscious person partly suffocated or drowned. In this new method the rescuer kneels astride the head of the patient, who is lying face down. The rescuer presses down on the shoulder blades and lifts the patient's arms in upward movement to remove the patient's weight from his chest, to permit the lungs to expand more than in other systems.



LORRAINE

SUNBEAMS found their way through the Virginia-Creeper at the window and danced among leaf-shadows on Lorraine's pillow. Lorraine's eyes opened wide and she raised herself on one elbow with healthy young interest in a new day. Then, remembering, she lay down again, turning her back to the light.

The twelve-year-old sister who shared the room was dressing in the corner nearest the door, with obvious intent to be out and away soon and silently. Lorraine addressed her in a tone meant to sound drowsy:

"Pull down the shade, Becky. I just have to sleep a little longer."

"You're wide awake," Becky accused, while unwillingly obeying.

The shade slipped from her hand and flew noisily upward, flapping around and around on the roller.

"Clumsy!" Lorraine turned over, annoyed. "Can't you do anything right?"

"Not so *you'd* say," Becky retorted. "Nobody does anything to please you, any more. Papa says—" Becky closed her lips tight, remembering just in time an admonition not to repeat what Papa had said. She started to drag a chair over to the window to stand on.

"Never mind that—I'll fix the shade myself. No use trying to sleep any more now. Run and bring me the paper—that's a good girl!"

LORRAINE HAD IDEAS—EXTRAVAGANT IDEAS ABOUT MEN AND CLOTHES AND HOME—AND LIFE—UNTIL ALL THIS WAS CHANGED BY THINGS THAT HAPPENED ON ONE—

LAZY MORNING

By MARY HALE WOOLSEY

"Papa's reading it, on the porch. I heard him go out and get it."

"Well, you can bring me the society pages, anyway, and the magazine section and rotogravure. Pa doesn't read those—Becky, you didn't close the door. Becky!"

Becky came back and closed the door, but her round face was resentful. Lorraine pretended not to notice, and yawned daintily.

Slipping into a satin negligee, Lorraine got out of bed and went over and adjusted the window-shade to her exact liking. She sat down at her dressing-table and combed her hair, pushing the dark, glossy waves into place with caressing touches. She put on lipstick generously, but with infinite care.

Next, she collected all the pillows in the room and piled them at the head of her bed, making a silk-and-lacy setting into which she presently snuggled luxuriously. She could see herself in the long wall-mirror across the room. She approved the reflection, and smiled dreamily.

The smile, however, gave place to a discontented frown as she let her gaze wander about the room. She'd done everything she could to try to make it beautiful, she told herself for perhaps the fiftieth time, but it was still the same dinky room in an unlovely old house.

She'd hung draperies at the closet door and above the head of the bed, as well as at the windows, and disguised the front of her old square dressing-table with ruffles of the same materials; but the effect was one of over-fussiness and crowding, and Lorraine suspected that there was far too much rose-color in the room.

She'd got the idea for the draperies from a magazine picture of Dolores de Vigne's boudoir—but she should have guessed that Dolores' room was about six times



HAL OAKEY

the size of this one. Lorraine's own common sense told her that she had not succeeded in creating one particle of aristocratic atmosphere, for all her time and expense and energy.

LORRAINE was a born aristocrat. Ward Brooks had discovered that, and reminded her of it many times. He was peculiarly sensitive that way, he'd confided—and that's why she had appealed to him!

"A Spanish palace for you, Lorraine," he'd said, "with sun-spattered terraces and tinkling fountains, and terra-cotta walls shutting the world away from your garden. A languorous lady you are, dreaming beneath the olive-trees. You've sad caballeros singing and sighing beneath your balcony, and all the Senoritas jealous of that shining hair of yours, sweetheart, and those great dark eyes. You have divine eyes, Lorraine. And the loveliest charm in all the world—"

How Lorraine longed to wake up

some day and find herself in that palatial Spanish-colonial house Ward had pictured for her. So little a girl could do—not having been placed by fate in a really suitable home and family! One little room in which she could try to express her personality—when that personality demanded wrought-iron grilles and sunny patios and spacious halls with tiled floors!

But there was a poem that said something about "My own shall come to me"—and at least Lorraine could endeavor to develop that elegantly languorous manner which her type of beauty demanded. She could practice the graceful gestures and alluring glances with which she would some day queen it over Ward's friends and hers, and make the society editors scramble to have her picture in their columns . . . "one of our most charming hostesses" . . . "a glamorous beauty" . . . "noted for her brilliant entertaining."

That reminded her—Becky hadn't



MA

brought the paper yet. "I suppose I'll have to go after it," Lorraine sighed.

THE telephone rang—Lorraine's private phone, which her father had declared a "rank extravagance" when she'd had it installed at her bedside. She let it ring a second time before answering, then lifted the handpiece and cooed, "Yes?"

Not Ward's deep voice, but Hal

Oakey's, young and vibrant and eager, greeted her:

"Lorraine?—Say, how about some tennis? It's a grand morning!"

"So sorry, Hal. I don't feel up to it this morning. I'm resting. I've had an awful week."

"Oh." Hal's disappointment was unmistakably sincere. "Well, how about a ride this afternoon? Or evening—you say which."

"But I'm all dated up," she drawled sweetly, as if reluctant to tell him so.

"Oh—but Lorraine, when can I see you again? It's been ages!" It had been two weeks.

Lorraine considered. "Well, let me see. I'm free Thursday evening."

"Thursday—but that's my night at the station, and you darned well know it."

"I'd forgotten—do, forgive me, palsie! It's too bad—"

"Too bad—the devil!" Hal retorted bitterly. "Lorraine, I want to know—when can I see you?"

"O-o-h! Never, with your voice like that." Lorraine giggled and replaced the phone with a placid smile at herself in that convenient mirror.

Poor Hal. A darling boy—but no finesse whatever. And just out of college, with all the way to go. Ward Brooks had arrived, years ago. Thirty-seven now, a brilliant lawyer, wealthy, handsome, sophisticated, fascinating. Who could consider Hal, when Ward was the alternative? Not that Ward had asked her to marry him—but she intended that he should, one of these days. For the present, Lorraine was content to be grooming herself for the great moment; consciously and purposefully developing that potential personality that had first drawn him to her. Languorous lady!

Becky came at last. She laid the papers on the bedside table and hurried out of the room again, saying over her shoulder—

"Mama said to tell you breakfast is almost ready."

"I only want some fruit juice and some toast. You can bring them up to me," Lorraine said, having at the last to raise her voice and speak faster, for Becky was scampering down the stairs.

"Oh, come and get it yourself," came her disgusted answer.

HARD, sighed Lorraine, to be an aristocrat in a plebeian family who didn't appreciate her. Only her money—that was all that

counted with them. The few dollars for which she drudged through hours of uncongenial toil, a bird-of-paradise in an iron cage! Other girls could use their earnings as they pleased, but not Lorraine. Lorraine's father having been one of the faithful but merely ordinary workers most affected by unfavorable conditions, she had to "help out" at home.

Otherwise she would have been living over in the other side of town, in the swanky apartment where Dot Stevens and Marge Lamson had taken a lease. Lorraine stayed there nights when she had dates with Ward Brooks; a fat chance she'd have of landing him if he ever should see this place she had for a home! Dot and Marge had asked her to come in with them, and Lorraine wanted to; but she hadn't been able to make the break at home. Her mother's frightened eyes, whenever the subject arose, always held Lorraine back.

"Stay with us until your father gets on steady again," Ma would beg. "After that, you can do whatever you want."

It was worse after she started going out with Ward. She had to have better clothes; she must, simply must, provide herself with a more suitable background if she were to grasp her opportunity. She had to make her money do more.

The family crabbled, because she couldn't humor them as she had done before. They grudged her her good times. They didn't appreciate her prospects.

(Continued on page 184)

WARD BROOKS



A "MORMON" READING ROOM INSIDE and OUT

By

DONALD D. GLAD

Of the Northern States Mission



THE AMBASSADORS OF THE CHURCH ARE CONSTANTLY TRYING TO FIND NEW METHODS OF APPROACH TO PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO HEAR THE GOSPEL MESSAGE. THE NORTHERN STATES MISSION HAS BEEN TRYING OUT A "MORMON READING ROOM."

I HAD BEEN in Chicago but a few days when a telegram came. It was from Elder Aaron Moss's brother. He was arriving in Chicago the next morning and he asked that Elder Moss be permitted to meet him. Elder Moss was in the booth in Milwaukee. He could have been reached by a telegram, but I had been expecting to go there in a week or so anyway. I wanted to get acquainted with the work of the booth as I was assigned to get ideas for window displays and reading-room arrangements. I got one idea on the way up. It wasn't for window displays, however. Here's how it worked: the Elders in Milwaukee had never seen me and didn't know of my coming. I strolled down the Plankinton Arcade halls where the booth is located. I glanced curiously at the various store windows as I walked, for I was trying to find the "Mormon" display. When I did find it I sauntered nonchalantly past, glanced at the windows, and then hesitantly returned for a closer examination. Very carefully I inspected the three displays. I read all of the material that was printed in connection with them, and when I had finished I edged into the room.

Elder Moss advanced upon me. As he looked down from his six foot-four elevation at my five-feet-seven inches of insignificance, he kindly inquired, "Is there any question you should like to ask? I shall be glad to discuss anything that you have in mind."

"Well," I said, "to begin with, will you please tell me just what this is all about, and what it is here for?"

"This is a reading room of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My companion and I are missionaries of that Church. As you probably noticed in the window there is a story of the exodus to Utah, and of some of the things that happened to the "Mormon" Pioneers in the early days of western development. Since then the "Mormons" have made a veritable paradise of the desert waste where they settled, and they now send a yearly quota of about a thousand young people like me and my companion out into the world to preach the Gospel."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but do you mean to tell me that your church sends missionaries to the United States?"

"That is exactly what I mean," continued Elder Moss; "there are

approximately two thousand young people of our Church in various parts of the world doing missionary work."

"But why should you be here preaching the Gospel? Most people in this country are Christians. What makes you think that there is any need of preaching to them? Haven't they the Gospel?"

"I shall let you answer that question for yourself," replied Elder Moss. "Do you realize how many hundred organizations there are all claiming to be the Church of Christ? Visit meetings of any ten different churches and see what they preach. Every one of them has some doctrine different from the others. Every one of them is preaching a different gospel. I would ask with Paul the question, 'Is Christ divided?' He is, if all the Christian churches upon the earth are the Church of Christ. But Christ is not divided! If all churches taught the true Gospel they would all teach exactly the same things, and there would be only one Church."

"Very well. I'll grant that all of the religious organizations we have cannot be the Church of Christ, but where will that leave you?" I asked. "You are doing the same as the others. You merely teach a variation of the true Gospel."

"I hoped that you would say that," rejoined Elder Moss, "for it gives me an opportunity of telling you about the restoration of the Gospel, and of the fact that—"

"Pardon me," I interposed, "but I don't think that you will need to tell me about it. I have a telegram here from your brother. I believe that he wants to see you in Chicago tomorrow morning, so perhaps we had better postpone our conversation until we have more time. You will have to leave immediately if

you want to get to Chicago tonight."

CONSTERNATION reigned for a moment as Elder Moss, ably assisted by Elder Burgener who had walked up during the conversation, told me what he thought of the kind of missionary who would hoax them as I had done.

When the storm had subsided and Elder Moss was on his way, I set myself to a study of the booth—inside and out. Located in the beautiful Plankinton Arcade Building in the heart of Milwaukee's business district this first "Mormon" reading room is ideally situated.

A striking picturization greets the eye of the pedestrian who passes through the Arcade halls. He glances at the usual array of dress, hat, shoe, and grocery advertisements with an ennui born of long familiarity, and he hurries on his way. But suddenly his gaze is arrested by a surprisingly unusual window display. Standing amid newly bound shocks of grain, in the attitude of eating, is a group of seagulls. His interest is immediately aroused. He stops to examine the display. He reads the caption: "A Modern Miracle. In 1848 the Mormon Settlers in Utah were Saved by Flocks of These Birds." "Strange," he thinks, "how is that possible? Imagine those pioneers being saved by such insignificant things as seagulls."

He goes closer and reads the story of the settlement of Utah. It tells him of the devastating hordes of insects which swept into the newly settled Salt Lake valley just as the first planting of wheat was coming to maturity. He reads how the settlers, faced with death by starvation, frantically strove to stem the tide of crickets in the destructive march upon the precious crops; how, after every expedient had failed and the people had resigned themselves to their grim fate, a gigantic flock of gulls appeared from the Great Salt Lake, and gorging themselves upon the black scourge carried the pests away.

"Truly," thinks the reader, "that was a wonderful miracle." So he steps inside and begins to question the Elders there. Seated in a comfortable chair the visitor listens to tales of the early history of the Church. The Elders talk of the persecutions which the Saints suffered, of the privations they endured in crossing the plains, and of the wonderful work which they ac-

complished in cultivating the western deserts. With pride, the Elders point to the replica of the Great Salt Lake Temple, which is on display in one of the windows. They tell of the hardships to which the Saints were put in rearing their edifices to the Lord, and they divulge the sacredness which is attached to it for members of the Church.

Often the visitor questions them as to what is carried on behind the temple walls, as to why non-Mormons are not permitted to enter its sanctuaries. Then the principle of salvation for the dead is explained, and the prophecy made by Malachi, that Elijah the Prophet would be sent "to turn the hearts of the children to the fathers and the hearts of the fathers to the children" is declared to have been fulfilled. The visitor leaves with literature for future reading in his hand, and a feeling that he has really discovered something worthwhile, in his heart.

DURING the time I was in Milwaukee I learned that there are many interested people met in the reading room who could not ordinarily be found by other missionary methods. This is true from the very nature of the thing. No missionary who has been tracting but has found many people disinterested and inhospitable. By a great amount of persuasion an Elder can usually get twenty-five or twenty-six people out of every thirty he meets to accept his literature. Four or five of the thirty will take a little time off to talk with him, and possibly ten of the twenty-five who take the literature will read it.

Not that the reading room never has any bad days. There have been times when only one or two people have come in all day, but on the other hand there have been times when as high as twenty people have stopped in. As a general rule nine or ten stop for a few moments to chat with the Elders about the Gospel principles. The desirable feature of this work, of course, is that none but those who are actually interested in investigating the Gospel ever take the Elders' time. Less literature is wasted upon people who will not read it, and very little unpleasantness is ever experienced. In the booth the Elders meet people on friendly ground, and rather than having a feeling of being imposed upon, the visitors feel that they are indebted to the Elders.

The methods of attracting attention to the Gospel, too, are far superior to some generally employed as it is obvious that one who goes from door to door trying to get people to talk to him is at a disadvantage. The display window knocks at the door of a person's curiosity and says, "Now here is an interesting fact. Come here and look it over. If you care to find out more about it, just walk inside and ask the Elders. They'll be glad to answer any question that you may have."

The three windows in the booth are all designed to attract favorable attention. The one with the story of the cricket war depicted in a very interesting fashion attracts many observers. They want to understand clearly just why those "Mormons" were protected in that miraculous manner, and they ask many questions. The second window has a model of the Salt Lake Temple in it. Various quotations from scriptures such as "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead if the dead rise not at all," and similar texts printed on placards which are placed near the temple replica create curiosity in regard to the subject of vicarious baptism. In the third window is a reproduction of the sculptured work from the Chicago Century of Progress. This splendid group of figures, with its emphasis upon a nobler life and eternal progress, compels attention and exerts an edifying influence upon those who study it.

It has been observed that from two hundred to two hundred and fifty people stop in front of the windows every day and read the material there. Although comparatively few of these come inside, yet everyone who stops has received a message and will be more susceptible to accepting the truth when next it is presented.

While it would seem that the responsibilities of the work in the booth would be so exacting as to prohibit outside activities, this is not the case. The Elders in the booth do almost as much tracting as regular missionaries, for only one Elder is needed to take care of the people who come into the room. The other is free to carry on the regular work. As a result there are a great many more people met and the Gospel is being preached effectively through this "Mormon" Reading Room.

"Screenings"

PRIZE WINNING LETTERS

WILD ROSE—Leora Peterson, Box 337, Holbrook, Arizona, wins First Place.

Although letters were written about nine different plays, Miss Peterson's letter about "Mutiny on the Bounty" was adjudged best. Both "Naughty Marietta" and "David Copperfield" were more popular with the letter writers than "Mutiny on the Bounty." Miss Peterson seemed to give the most conclusive reasons for her choice.

Another judge, of course, might have changed the decision, for a great many of the letters were very good.

"Miss Lou Jeanne Roger"—Le Juene Whitney, 560 So. Main St., Springville, with a letter about "Naughty Marietta," won second; "Dixies Dixon"—Mildred J. Black, Monticello, writing of "David Copperfield," won third; "La Retta Clarke"—Miss Eleanor Olson, Box 1201, Lyman, Wyoming, writing of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," won fourth, although she did not mention it among her five favorites.

The verdict of all entrants was unanimous that "Screenings" in "The Improvement Era" was helpful and worth while.—H. R. M.

Editor Lights and Shadows

on the Screen:

"Mutiny on the Bounty" has all the factors of grand entertainment combined in one picture: superb acting, beautiful photography, action, adventure and romance. It portrays the gamut of human emotions, love, hate, courage, heroism, loyalty, to mention a few. It will live as one of the epics of film history!

That is why it is my favorite picture for 1935 and all other years.

"Wild Rose"

Leora Peterson.

Box 337.

Holbrook, Arizona.

FAVORITE PICTURES AS SELECTED IN ERA CONTEST

1. Naughty Marietta.
2. David Copperfield.
3. Les Miserables.
4. Mutiny on the Bounty.
5. The Little Minister.
6. Steamboat Around the Bend.

FAVORITE ACTRESSES

1. Jeanette MacDonald.
2. Katherine Hepburn.
3. Claudette Colbert.
4. Shirley Temple.
5. Edna May Oliver.

FAVORITE ACTORS

1. Will Rogers.
2. Frederic March.
3. Charles Laughton.
4. Clark Gable.
5. Nelson Eddy.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT (20th Century-Fox): A story built around the small triumphs, tragedies, and interrelationships of an average family—mother, father, grandmother, and five growing children. It bubbles with comedy in its witty thrusts at the foibles of parents and the bumptiousness of youth and has, too, its more serious moments in which an automobile accident brings things to something of a climax. A perfect family picture.

Director: James Tinling. Cast: Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, June Lang, Florence Roberts, Kenneth Howell.

FANG AND CLAW (Van Beuren Corp.-R. K. O.): Frank Buck's capture of living pythons, tigers, crocodile, with an extraordinary mingling of clever devices and dare-devil adventures is touched with occasional humor when monkeys or honey bear appear. Family.

Director and narrator: Frank Buck. Photographed by Nicholas Cavaliere and Harry E. Squire.

ROSE MARIE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer): Except for the exquisite operatic sequences from the death scene of "Romeo and Juliet" and the closing aria from "La Tosca," the entire operetta was filmed and recorded out of doors, against mountain scenery of natural grandeur. Echoing through the mountain passes comes "The Indian Love Call," which is sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy as a recurring theme song throughout; from a quiet moon-lighted lake, to the drift of a canoe, comes the melody of "Rose Marie, I Love You," and, perhaps most triumphant of all, "The Song of the

Mounties," in full chorus, as Nelson Eddy leads the mounted men down a winding trail. The spectacular Indian Corn Dance is dramatically presented by several hundred Indians in full war dress.

Director: W. S. Van Dyke. From the operetta by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Rudolph Friml and Hubert Stothart. Cast: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, James Stewart, Robert Greig, Lucien Littlefield, George Regas, Una O'Connor.

THE GHOST GOES WEST (London Films): Produced by Alexander Korda. Merry shafts of satire levelled at our American peccadillos combine with a rollicking ghost story to provide a full measure of chuckles in this picture. It is all very gay, very romantic and glittering, with its witty thrusts adroitly maneuvered. Its comedy is captivating and infectious. Rarely imaginative in direction, lavish in production and witty in line—a real treat. Adults and young people.

Distributed in this country by United Artists.

Directed by Rene Clair. Cast: Robert Donat, Eugene Pallette, Ralph Bunker, Jean Parker, Elsa Lanchester. Original story by Rene Clair.

PETRIFIED FOREST (Warner Bros.): A curious and unusual picture in which a sand-swept desert, an oil station, and road bandits contrast with the dreamlike idealism of a wandering young Englishman. The name "Petrified Forest," symbolizes dead ideals in a sordid world. It has been called "an adventure in philosophy." This hardly gives credit to the charm and the delicate poignancy that Leslie Howard infuses into his emotions. The bandit, played by Humphrey Bogart, is a fine piece of characterization. Adults and Young People.

Director: Archie L. Mayo. From the play by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Cast: Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Genevieve Tobin, Humphrey Bogart, Dick Foran.

ROSE OF THE RANCHO (Paramount): Miss Swarthout, prime favorite of the operatic stage, makes her screen debut under very happy auspices. Old California with its picturesque remnants of Spanish life, with the lawless elements that flooded the young newly Americanized territory, with the Federal government—in the shape of a singing and good looking lover—are all set to highly picturesque background. Family.

Director: Marion Gering. Music by Ralph Rainger. From a play by Richard W. Tully and David Belasco. Cast: John Boles, Gladys Swarthout, Charles Bickford, H. B. Warner, Don Alvarado.



Star of Rose Marie and winner of popular screen actress contest conducted by The Improvement Era.

Poetry

GULLS FOLLOW A PLOW

By Ethel Romig Fuller

THE seagulls always sense the time somehow—
Incited by primordial hungerings—
The very dawn a farm lad starts to plow;
And come by cohorts inland, their great wings
Sails billowing against the primrose east,
To follow with the grackles, row by row,
The share that noses a Lucullan feast
From soil where corn and pumpkins soon
will grow.

And who shall blame a lad, if suddenly
The white thorn hedges turn a foamy blur—
The acid dust to salty tang of sea?
If aboard a schooner, he careens with her—
The while he toils behind his plodding team—
To ports on purple coast-lines in a dream?

STRANGE DRUM

By Frances Nuttall Boyden

I AM dancing to the music of a
Strange drum,
Whose beating rhythm
Forces me to dance.
Nor can I stop
While its music dims my ears.
I know I will drop—
My heart is so tired—
Dancing to the music of a
Strange drum.

TEACHERS' CREED

By Claire S. Boyer

WALK gently in this tired world:
Brisk footfalls are too hard upon the heart
That longs for silence
And the peace of art;
Speak gently, that no crash of words
May shatter timid thought that goes
From newly-opened mind
To mind that knows.
Touch gently lives that scarcely climb
Because they fear too much, their need
May be the brush of words to turn
Half-thought to deed.

CREDO

By Halberta Hiner

LORD, I'll not presume to thank you
For your sentinel trees at night,
For singing sounds and written word,
And birds low-winged in flight:

Others there were who saw the sky,
And many years ago, the sea,
So why should I give praise that you
Have placed them there for me?

Not for the things that are in life,
Of sunset glow and morning star,
But only for that thing in me
That lets me know they are.

SONNET TO THE MARCH WIND

By Della Adams Leitner

A BLUSTERER they call you but I know
You are sincere. The violets I found
Peeping so trustingly above the ground,
They too believe in you and so they grow.
The frozen brooks in eagerness to go,
Awakening from their slumber at the sound
Of your insistent calling, quickly bound
Leaping and laughing from their beds of snow.

O keen March wind, brisk harbinger of joy,
Gay messenger of beauty soon to be,
With wild, tempestuous vigor you destroy
The lethargy and deadening fallacy
The winter has imbued. In glee you bring
Glad heralding of love and youth and spring.

LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WEST

By Cristel Hastings

YOU stand in lonely valleys where the sun
Of western afternoons makes the hills
gold
Against the blue, while clouds that are
your ships
Sail on aloft with dreams stowed in their
hold.

You dot the breathless hilltops here and
there
Facing the salted winds that run ashore
Singing of ships somewhere beyond your
ken,
Bringing their low-voiced chanteys to your
door.

The long flat plains know well your squat-
ted shapes
That crouch upon the sun-baked, thirsted
sands
With tumbleweeds that race like ghostly
steeds
Into the night, guided by phantom hands.

The mountains know your wood smoke,
and the streams
Have caught the brave reflection of your
light.
Swift rains have beaten drums upon your
roofs
And helped to make symphonies of the
night.

Your roofs stare back at sun and moon and
star,
Indifferent to high winds and the rain,
As long as smoke curls from your chimney
piece
And candle light shines from a window
pane.

LOVE IN USE

By Yvonne Adamson

THEY said,
"Love dulls when its
New wears off." I know now
Love warms and glows when the blinding
Glare's off.

AS A MATTER OF FACT

By Sylvia R. Grant

OH, I shall love a man who brings me
hyacinths in March,
Rose colored ones, quite haughty midst
their green;
And takes me walking when the rain falls
down in silver skeins
To brighten up the lilac's purple sheen.
I'm sure I'll love a man who shows me how
the artful moon
Eludes the cloud that seeks to dim her
grace;
Who runs along the sands with me beside
the ocean front
With ocean breezes blowing in my face.
As a matter of fact—I do.

REVERENCE

By Leone E. McCune

IN MY moonlit garden, lillies grow,
Pure and chaste as drifted snow,
A sweet, white ecstasy is there,
They lift their saintly heads in prayer!

YOUR TOWN

By Edith Cherrington

IT ISN'T the kind of house that you have
That seems to matter the most.
It isn't the name or the size of the town,
Or the beauty of which it can boast.
It may be in the hills or down by the sea,
And it never may claim renown,
But whatever the town that you love may
be
It's the people who make the town.

The homes and shops and the way they are
kept
May label your city fair,
But your town is just the reflected thoughts
Of the folks who are living there.

LOW ROAD

By Grace Zenor Pratt

I MIGHT have walked the higher road,
Seen sunsets on the sea—
With white yachts sailing on the blue,
And white sails floating free.
I might have glimpsed proud castle walls,
Trode stately lands with you,
Had I but taken the higher road—
As I had thought to do. . .

But, ah! I took the lower road. . .
And love has walked with me;
Nor have I missed the things I dreamed—
So much of life I see;
A long green lane, with whispering trees,
White house by low green hill;
A lilac through my window pane
And sunlight on the sill.

O what care I for higher roads, to walk
amid the stars. . .
Love reigns beneath our humble roof
. . . And all the world is ours.



On the Book Rack

NORTH TO THE ORIENT

(Ann Morrow Lindbergh, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1935)

A PART from the tremendous vogue which the Lindberghs enjoy as fliers, Anne Morrow Lindbergh deserves wide recognition as a writer. Her *North to the Orient* is one way of making "the whole world kin." Her sympathetic approach to the different countries and peoples increases the tolerance of her readers.

The book also tends to be a lesson for contentment. When we read for instance that one family tenderly treasured a tomato plant which would never bear tomatoes because: "The leaves grow and we can smell it. Even the smell of growing vegetables is good to us," we begin to feel how inadequate we are to meet life when we complain of the conditions which we have to meet.

The style, the content, the stimulation which this volume gives make it a worthwhile addition to everyone's library of good books.—M. C. J.

OVER AFRICAN JUNGLES

(By Martin E. Johnson, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1935.)

WITH the widespread interest focusing itself in the eastern part of Africa nowadays, *Over African Jungles* will prove fascinating reading. Martin Johnson and his wife need no introduction to anyone who has gone to the movies, because their pictures have long been the most fascinating of travogues.

This book makes refreshing informational reading and will prove well worth anyone's time. One interesting bit of information will perhaps shock most readers into a consciousness of their own racial prejudice. Mr. Johnson reports that upon one occasion a native approached him with this question:

"Bwana, would you mind if I told you something?"

"No," Mr. Johnson grumbled. "Go ahead."

"Well, bwana, the white man often tells us black men that we smell. But do you know that to us black people the white man smells every bit as bad as the black man does to you?"

—M. C. J.

ADVENTURING IN PALESTINE

(Marion Rubenstein, Alfred A. Knopf, 1935)

ALTHOUGH the story is fictitious and the characters in *Adventuring in Palestine* are entirely imaginary, the situations are true and are based on the events, which transpired during the author's stay in Palestine from August 1933, to January 1934. The pictures

SPRING fever time is on its way.

Before that stage reaches you, the editors would like to suggest some books to satisfy that wanderlust and yet permit you to remain at home or at work for those necessary duties which you must perform. So let us make March a travel month through books.

are authentic and add much to the appearance of the book as well as to the enlightenment of the reader.

To Latter-day Saints who have been interested in the resettlement of the Holy Land this book will prove of undeniable interest because in it we are given a sympathetic approach to the Jewish migration and rebuilding of this most interesting country. If more geographies were written in this manner, children would soon learn sympathetically of the world in which they live.

—M. C. J.

WE OWED IT TO THE CHILDREN

(Grace L. Roosevelt, Coward McCann, 1935)

ANY harassed father who has been inveigled into taking his doting family on an excursion will enjoy this different kind of travel book. Any wife who has done the urging for the family to leave for parts unknown will appreciate the joys and sorrows of that insistence.

The introduction of a thoroughly American family into a European background will offer many a moment's pleasant reading. The illustrations afford a dash of spice to this entirely enjoyable book.

The author is a daughter-in-law of the "big stick" wielder, Theodore Roosevelt—and from the strength of the husband's vociferations in *We Owed It to the Children*, it seems safe to say that he is a chip off the old block.—M. C. J.

ENGLISH JOURNEY

(J. B. Priestley, Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1934)

IN his inimitable way Mr. Priestley takes us traveling through England—an England which comes to life from Southampton on the south to Bristol on the west, Newcastle on the north, Norwich (pronounced without the w, please), on the east, and ending in London, that town of towns. *English Journey* isn't so much a travel book as it is a slice of humanity. Although the characters are English enough, they have more than mere nationality to recommend them—they are part of the great stream of human kind who, no

matter in what country they live, have much the same problems to solve.

In the manufacturing centers Mr. Priestley was astonished with the speed at which the girls worked. The manager assured Mr. Priestley that "the girls preferred purely routine and monotonous jobs because once they had learned the fairly simple necessary movements they could then work all day and think about something else while they were working." That's one way of making the clock go around.

Mr. Priestley introduces us to the three Englands which he found: "Old England, the country of the cathedrals and ministers and manor houses and inns, of Parson and Squire;" "the nineteenth-century England, the industrial England of coal, iron, steel, cotton, wool, railways;" "the new post-war England, belonging far more to the age itself than to this particular island."

—M. C. J.

MOSCOW EXCURSION

(P. L. Travers, Renal and Hitchcock)

PAMELA TRAVERS has endeared herself to book lovers by her delightful fantasies, *Mary Poppins* and *Mary Poppins Comes Back*. Her *Moscow Excursion* will serve to add to her popularity. The book can be read in a few hours and will serve to introduce the new Russia. If more people would read this book, there would be undoubtedly fewer who would recommend the Soviet system for other countries.—M. C. J.

CHARLES COULSON RICH BY JOHN HENRY EVANS TO APPEAR SOON

JOHN HENRY EVANS just informs us that Macmillan Company, Publishers, has accepted another book of his for early publication. His new book is titled *Charles Coulson Rich, Pioneer Builder of the West*. The pioneer Charles C. Rich was largely responsible for the settlement of three states: California, Idaho, and Utah. The material that Mr. Evans has used in this volume has been gleaned mostly from original sources, old diaries, letters, journals, and biographies which have never before been published. The people of Utah and Idaho and their descendants or those who are interested in the development of the Latter-day Saint Church will be exceptionally interested in watching for the appearance of the publication.

This makes the third book which Mr. Evans has had accepted by the Macmillan Company. The first, *Joseph Smith, an American Prophet*, attained wide popularity. The second, *The Story of Utah*, is now being used as a text throughout the junior high schools of Utah.—M. C. J.



Ward Teaching



Ward Teacher's Message for April, 1936

"BE YE CLEAN"

ONE OF the most definite and positive statements made by Jesus was "Be Ye Clean." Cleanliness is referred to in scripture in many ways. We are told that the Savior cleansed the lepers; He cleansed the Temple by driving out those who defiled it. He referred to "unclean spirits;" He set the example of washing the feet as a symbol of cleanliness of body. To the lepers He said "Be thou clean." He referred to unclean food. He chided the Pharisees with respect to cleanliness and likened them to "whited sepulchres—full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

Surely the many references made by

the Master to cleanliness, or lack of it, and the many ways in which He applied its meaning, indicates that to Him cleanliness of body, of thought, of actions, of food, of raiment, were of extreme importance.

In our own generation cleanliness is no less important. Present standards of cleanliness of food, body and clothing have saved many thousands of lives. Likewise clean thoughts and actions have saved many thousands of souls.

Physical, mental and moral cleanliness are enjoined upon all Latter-day Saints. We should remember and be guided by the words of the Savior "Be Ye Clean."

USE OF TEACHERS' MESSAGE LEAFLETS

SOME questions have arisen regarding the use of the Monthly Ward Teachers' Messages. It was the practice formerly in several stakes to leave copies of the message in the homes of the people. This practice was discontinued for two reasons: first, in many cases the teachers would read the leaflet verbatim and then leave it with the family. While in some cases it may have been read after the teachers had left, it is believed these cases were few and the benefits negligible. Second, teachers frequently would inquire regarding the health of the family, exchange greetings, and then leave the leaflet with no discussion whatever. Either of these methods defeats the important purpose of the visit—the teaching of the Saints under the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord.

In preparing and publishing the messages in the present form the intent is to furnish a basis only for the messages the teachers are to deliver. It is not intended that the printed message shall be the whole of the message delivered. It should be a guide from which should be developed, by study and research, the best and most effective message the teacher is capable of delivering. To the information given and whatever additional is secured, should be added the personal information possessed by the teacher and that developed through the aid of the Spirit of the Lord. When the message is prepared in this manner additional opportunity is provided when the teacher is in the home, for the influence of the Holy Spirit to assist in making the teaching helpful and fruitful. These opportunities for the

teacher to secure such help are lost when the message is read from the slip or left with the family to read.

Every teacher is entitled to and should seek the assistance of the Spirit of the Lord in helping him to prepare for his visits. Every possible step in preparation should be taken. The teacher, knowing conditions in different families, if fully prepared, as suggested above, can adapt his presentation to the needs of each home. This is the true spirit of teaching. It is for these reasons that the printed messages are prepared in brief, concise form as a guide to teachers, and a help in their own preparation. In the coming year, when teachers' visits can be made so helpful and profitable, it is urged that proper preparation be made by all who are charged with this important responsibility, and that all homes be visited regularly each month.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WARD TEACHING

By E. C. Davies, Stake Supervisor
of Ward Teaching, Liberty Stake

THE BISHOP of a large ward recently commented, "If it were not for block teaching, the spirit of my ward would die." A man now doing outstanding work in the Church has said, "I owe my changed attitude toward the Church to a prayer offered in my home one evening by a block teacher."

Never has the ward teacher occupied a more important position in Church organization. The spirit of every ward can be enriched by his monthly visits. The influence he may radiate is needed by men and women in every neighborhood.

Each month the Church has a mes-

sage for its members. The ward teacher becomes the personal spokesman in the homes of the saints. Is not this calling as important as any teaching task in the Church?

The bishop must keep in constant touch with the members of his ward. The effective teacher welds this relationship, speaking on behalf of the bishop and gathers details which assist in ward administration. Is not this a service of signal importance?

Misunderstanding is the root of trouble. There has never been a substitute for personal contact to smooth human relationships. It is said that Joseph Smith could win the favor of an opponent if he could get his ear. The ward teacher enjoys the opportunity of speaking face to face with people in the most congenial atmosphere in the world—that of the home. Can the men of the Church afford to disregard this opportunity?

No one ever talked with another without being influenced. An enriched personality is the priceless reward of every prayerful ward teacher.

SELECTING WARD TEACHERS

WHEN men are to be called to act as teachers, it is desirable that the bishopric have a personal talk with them before presenting their names, in order to be assured of their willingness to labor diligently in this calling. If any teacher shows signs of indifference, it is important that the bishopric personally confer with him and encourage him in kindness. If any teacher should still fail in his duty, or be prevented through occupation or other causes, he should be replaced by another. (See also Doc. and Cov., Sec. 84:106-111.)

RESULTS TO BE EXPECTED FROM WARD TEACHING

THERE should be evidence of improvement by the acting teachers in their qualifications and systematic activity.

There should be monthly contact with all families and a noticeable stimulus resulting therefrom.

Increased attendance at sacramental and other meetings.

Greater harmony and unity among members.

Decrease of indifference, trouble, or transgression.

Increase of faith, love, and kindness.

If these results do not follow, the causes should be carefully investigated and remedied.

Melchisedek Priesthood

QUESTION AND ANSWER

THE FOLLOWING question comes from one of the Priesthood classes with a request that an answer be published. "What is the difference between the Holy Ghost and the gift of the Holy Ghost?"

It is rather strange that such a question can arise and be discussed at length without a Priesthood class reaching the correct understanding. We are informed that "The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of Spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us."—D. and C. 130:22-23. The Savior spoke of the Holy Ghost as the Comforter and referring to this Comforter always used the masculine pronouns "He" and "Him" as in the following instruction to His disciples:

"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

"Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—*

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." John 14:16, 17, 26.

The Holy Ghost, sometimes spoken of as the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God and the Comforter, being a Personage of Spirit, has shape and form like any individual personage, and is the third member in the Godhead. It is through the Holy Ghost that the Father and the Son communicate with those who have received the gift of the Holy Ghost through the laying on of hands.

The gift of the Holy Ghost is the right to the companionship of the Holy Ghost which is granted to every faithful, obedient member of the Church. This gift is received by the laying on of hands through the ministrations of those who have authority to officiate in the ordinances of the Gospel.

Many members of the Church never receive the benefits of this guidance simply because they do not cleanse themselves from all sin "by the keeping of the commandments" and, therefore they are not "just and true." The Holy Spirit will not dwell in unclean tabernacles, and will not be a companion and guide to those who will not "live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." It is for this reason that so many fail to be guided "into all truth and to have an abiding testimony of the Gospel.

The gift of the Holy Ghost is a

blessing held in reserve for members of the Church. This gift is not bestowed on any others, and even members of the Church must live in harmony with the commandments or the Spirit will not come to them or abide with them. The Holy Ghost may come to any man and give him a testimony of the truth, and then will withdraw leaving him to act on the impressions he has received. That was the case with Cornelius. He had no claim upon the teachings of the Holy Ghost other than the initial manifestation until after his baptism and confirmation when he received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Moroni in closing the record of his people said in relation to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon among the Gentiles:

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things."

In harmony with this promise thousands of members of the Church were convinced by the power of the Holy Ghost of the truth of this latter-day work, but they had no claim upon continued revelation from that source until they had the gift.

The Prophet Joseph Smith has said:

"There is a difference between the Holy Ghost and the gift of the Holy Ghost. Cornelius received the Holy Ghost before he was baptized, which was a convincing power of God unto him of the truth of the Gospel, but he could not receive the gift of the Holy Ghost until after he was baptized. Had he not taken this sign or ordinance upon him, the Holy Ghost which convinced him of the truth of God, would have left him. Until he obeyed these ordinances and received the gift of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands, according to the order of God, he could not have healed the sick or commanded an evil spirit to come out of a man, and it obey him; for the spirits might say unto him, as they did to the sons of Sceva: 'Paul we know and Jesus we know, but who are ye?' It mattereth not whether we live long or short on the earth after we come to a knowledge of these principles and obey them unto the end. I know that all men will be damned if they do not come in the way which He hath opened, and this is the way marked out by the word of the Lord."—Hist. of the Church, 4:555.

The Spirit of Truth, or Light of Christ

While the companionship of the Holy Ghost is reserved for those who have truly obeyed the Gospel, yet there is another Spirit which is given to all men by which they may be guided

in righteousness through this mortal probation if they will hearken to the teachings of this Spirit. This is spoken of in the scriptures as the Light of Truth, the Spirit of Jesus Christ, and the Light of Christ. This Spirit radiates from God to fill the immensity of space. It is given to every person born into the world, according to the revelations. It is, without doubt, the Spirit which prompts men to do good and warns them against evil, and which is generally spoken of as conscience. The Lord has said of this Spirit:

"For the word of the Lord is truth, and whatsoever is truth is light, and whatsoever is light is Spirit, even the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

"And the Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit."

"And every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit cometh unto God, even the Father." (D. and C. 84:45-47.

The mission and nature of this Spirit are defined more explicitly in another revelation as follows:

"Which glory is that of the church of the Firstborn, even of God, the holiest of all, through Jesus Christ his Son—

"He that ascended up on high, as also he descended below all things, in that he comprehended all things, that he might be in all and through all things, the light of truth;

"Which truth shineth. This is the light of Christ. As also he is in the sun, and the light of the sun, and the power thereof by which it was made;

"As also he is in the moon, and is the light of the moon, and the power thereof by which it was made;

"And the earth also, and the power thereof, even the earth upon which you stand.

"And the light which shineth, which giveth you light, is through him who enlighteneth your eyes, which is the same light that quickeneth your understandings;

"Which light proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space—

"The light which is in all things, which giveth life to all things, which is the law by which all things are governed, even the power of God who sitteth upon his throne, who is in the bosom of eternity, who is in the midst of all things."—D. and C. 88:5-13.

This is the light spoken of by John in the first chapter of his Gospel. It is also spoken of by Moroni in his epistle to Moroni as follows:

"For behold the Spirit of Christ is given to every man, that he may know good from evil; wherefore I show unto you the way to judge; for every thing which inviteth to do good, and to persuade to believe in Christ, is sent forth by the power and gift of Christ; wherefore ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of God."—Moroni 7:16.

(Concluded on page 185)

Aaronic Priesthood

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN QUORUM ROLLS, RECORDS, AND REPORTS

ONE of the most important actions in connection with Aaronic Priesthood supervision and record-keeping is announced by the Presiding Bishopric, effective immediately. Under the new plan separate rolls are to be kept of all members of the Aaronic Priesthood who are 20 years of age or older. When the names are recorded in the special roll book provided for adult Aaronic Priesthood classes they are to be removed from the quorum rolls of Deacons, Teachers and Priests and these rolls will contain the records of members under 20 only. It is recommended that in recording names of members 20 years of age or over that they be grouped according to Priesthood grades, Deacons, Teachers and Priests being listed on separate pages.

Such a movement has been under contemplation for some time by the Presiding Bishopric and with the printing of separate roll books for adult groups the plan becomes practical.

Benefits expected from the new plan include more definite attention on the part of stake and ward supervisors to adult members, organization of adult classes and definite missionary work among those who are inactive. Members of regular Aaronic Priesthood quorums will also be benefitted through having quorum records include the names and record the activities of members of Aaronic Priesthood ages only, removing the handicap of having the names of older inactive members on the rolls.

Numerous requests for such a change have been received in the past few years, but until present plans for separate classes, separate course of study, and separate rolls were completed it has not been considered practicable. Instructions regarding the new plan are being sent to stake and ward officers by the Presiding Bishopric.

HAWTHORNE WARD MAKES EXCELLENT RECORD

WHAT is probably a record for the Church in the filling of quorum assignments in the Aaronic Priesthood in any ward has been reported to the Presiding Bishopric from Hawthorne ward in the Granite Stake. The assignments filled reached a total of 10,290 which is slightly in excess of 400 per cent of the quota assigned in the educational campaign carried on during 1935 from the Presiding Bishop's Office. The quota for the ward, based on a population of 1,560 persons was 2,528.

The report shows that the Deacons filled the greatest number of assignments, a total of 3,745. Priests were

NEW FEATURES OF THE PROGRAM

NEW features of the program which supervisors should keep before quorum members include: The Standard Quorum Award. The Quorum Calendar. The Quorum Scrap Book. The Quorum Service Projects. The Personal Record. The Presentation of Certificates of Ordination.

The Quarterly Review Meeting.

THE STANDARD QUORUM AWARD

The standard quorum award is to be a recognition by the Presiding Bishopric of the Church to every quorum that reaches the standards prescribed. The award will consist of an appropriate certificate, suitable for framing and preserving permanently, to be presented to the quorum upon a suitable occasion by stake officers representing the Presiding Bishopric.

A standard quorum is one where the following standards have been met:

1. Set up and follow yearly quorum meeting program in accordance with the recommendations of the Presiding Bishopric for 1936.
 2. Set up and follow a yearly program of social and fraternal activities in accordance with the recommendations for 1936.
 3. Have an average attendance record of 60% or more during the year.
 4. Have 75% or more members fill assignments during the year.
 5. Have 75% or more members observing the Word of Wisdom as shown by the annual report of the Bishop of the Ward as of December 31, 1936.
 6. Have 75% or more of the members who earn money during the year pay tithing, as shown on the annual report of the Bishop of the Ward as of December 31, 1936.
 7. Have 50% or more members participate in two or more quorum service projects.
- Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committees will be requested to check on each quorum and recommend to the Presiding Bishopric the quorums which have reached the standards and are entitled to recognition.

nearly equal with 3,647, while the Teachers filled 2,898. Of a total of 10,807 assignments made during the year only 517 were unfilled. Priests failed in only 93 assignments, Teachers in 124 and Deacons in 300.

A second feature of the campaign in which Hawthorne Ward also recorded unusual success showed only 5 boys under 20 years of age out of a total of 149 in the ward who failed to

fill one or more assignments during the year.

In the third feature of the campaign, teaching clean living, Hawthorne Ward reports that there was not one case of delinquency reported in the ward during the year. The report is signed by Bishop H. M. Taggart and his counselors J. S. Riley and Fred E. Curtis. Elder Curtis has been Chairman of the Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee for several years. He was recently made a member of the Stake High Council and Chairman of the Stake Committee.

HOW SMOKING AFFECTS STUDENTS

From the S. X. Bulletin

SMOKERS who enjoy their cigarettes, cigars or pipes are always somewhat disgusted with the arguments against smoking as a health menace. Not belonging to the anti-cigarette league or the tobacco trust, we have been able to preserve a strict neutrality upon this subject. For this reason we can submit to you a report of a careful study that was made recently of smoking among men students at Antioch College in Ohio. About half the men at the college smoke, so the test would seem to be quite a fair one. The students come from all parts of the country and are of the usual varied types. There is no motive for secrecy or deception about smoking within the college grounds, so that the men themselves were able to show considerable interest in the research work.

The report shows there was a definite relation established between smoking and low scholarship. 31.8% of the non-smokers failed to maintain the required grade, while 62.3% of heavy smokers—almost twice as many, you will notice—failed similarly. "Inhalers" failed most often.

As a final explanation—the report added that before the study began the more susceptible smokers had been eliminated since many more smokers than non-smokers had failed and been dropped from college.

DAVIS STAKES JOIN IN PRIESTHOOD OUTING

NORTH and South Davis stakes joined in a moose-elk barbecue on January 25 at Kaysville which proved to be the outstanding event of its kind in the history of the stake. More than five hundred boys gathered at the high school campus for the outing which was participated in by Deacons, Teachers, and Priests from 12 to 19 years of age, bishops and counselors and Aaronic Priesthood leaders of the stake and the wards.

The program included games and sports, Indian dances by Indians from

Washakie ward, a motion picture of wild life and a general assembly at which Earl J. Glade, General Manager of KSL radio station was the principal speaker. The barbecue supplied the grand climax. The program was planned by the Aaronic Priesthood committees of the two stakes and Dell Adams who acted as chairman. The committees of the stakes are: North Davis, Jesse D. Barlow, chairman, Samuel Morgan and David Layton; South Davis, George J. Miles, chairman, T. Amby Briggs and Eugene M. Decker.

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE LEADS IN PRIESTHOOD COOPERATION

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, one of the youngest in the Church, has taken the lead in putting into effect the cooperation plan between the Aaronic Priesthood and Scouting, under which Church activity is made a definite part of the teaching and activity of the Scout program. Under the direction of Grant Andrus the plan has been put into operation and marked results are already apparent. The method adopted includes a religious service under Priesthood officers preceding the monthly Court of Honor. President David Smith, president of the stake and also

OAHU STAKE REPORTS ORGANIZATION OF FIRST DEACON'S QUORUM

OAHU STAKE in the far off Pacific has reported to the Presiding Bishopric that the first quorum of Deacons to be organized in the Hawaiian Islands has been formed in the Fourth Ward of

MESSAGE OF THE BISHOPRIC TO QUORUM MEMBERS IS 1936 FEATURE

SUGGESTIVE topics for messages of members of Bishoprics to Aaronic Priesthood Quorums as outlined in the "Quorum Calendar" in all lesson guides.

*Reverence for our Father in Heaven.
Respect for places of worship.
Honoring the Holy Priesthood.
Respect for the Law.
Respect for Parents.
Respect for the opposite sex.
Respect for the aged.
Respect for self.
Secret prayer.
Faith in the Servants of God.
Honor and Truthfulness.
Formation of Good Habits.
Integrity.
Gratitude.
Keep your promises.
Loyalty.
Value of self control.
Tobacco.
Strong Drinks.
Pool Halls.
Sunday Amusements.
Late hours—Dancing or Auto Riding.
Thou shalt not Steal.
Choosing proper companions.
Kindness to the poor.*

Honolulu. The quorum represents the various races which go to make up the Church population of the islands and has already performed distinguished service in arousing interest in Priesthood work.

president of the Teton Peaks Council has given hearty cooperation in the plan.

REXBURG STAKE PROMOTES ADULT CLASSES

THE NEWLY re-organized stake Aaronic Priesthood committee of Rexburg stake, formerly Fremont, under the supervision of Elder B. L. Waldram, chairman, has made the organization and supervision of Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes a major project for 1936. Elder M. Luke has been appointed stake supervisor for adult classes and has already formulated plans for classes in each ward. One class in the stake has been in successful operation for three years.

ORDER OF BUSINESS—AARONIC PRIESTHOOD QUORUM MEETINGS

IN VIEW of the relatively short time available for the weekly Aaronic Priesthood quorum meetings (½ hour), where such meetings are held in conjunction with the Sunday School, it is very important for the welfare of the members that the time be employed promptly and effectively.

It is recommended that the period be divided into two parts—(1) Activity Period and (2) Lesson Period. Because of the lack of sufficient time, the Lesson Period is greatly abridged, but with proper preparation on the part of the Member of the Bishopric and the Class Supervisor, can prove very profitable and instructive.

The suggested Order of Business for the meeting varied frequently as outlined in the lesson guides is as follows:

(1) Activity Period. Under direction of Quorum Presidency with cooperation of Supervisor (15 to 20 minutes).

a. Prayer, by quorum members in rotation.

b. Audible roll call.

c. Discussion of means of getting attendance of absent members.

d. Reports of assignments of duties performed during past week.

e. Assignments of duties to all members for ensuing week.

f. Instructions in duties and filling of assignments.

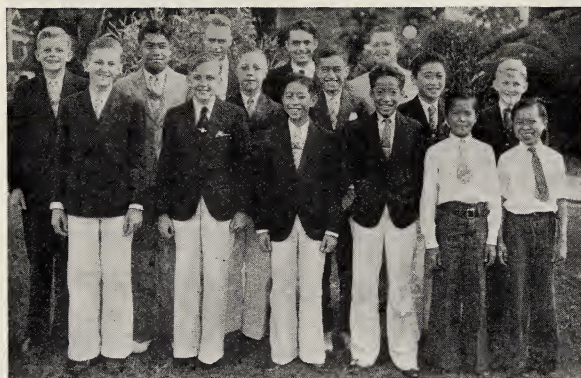
g. Discussion of social and fraternal activities of the quorum.

(2) Lesson Period. Under direction of Class Supervisor. (10 to 15 minutes.)

a. Brief instructions by Members of Bishopric or Supervisor on Habits and Virtues.

b. Brief review of Priesthood Lesson for the week. (From Priesthood Lesson Book.)

The careful consideration of all the matters herein presented is vital for the welfare and progress of all members. By proper attention to these matters every meeting can be made very interesting to everyone.



Oahu Stake's First Deacons Quorum

Beginning with the front row, from left to right, the members in the picture are as follows: J. Frank Woolley, Jr., Quorum President; Darwin Bell, Secretary; Leonard Fong, Second Counselor; Herbert Ah Nee; William Padiken; Herbert Yee, interested non-member; Jens Jacobsen, First Counselor; George Padiken; C. Arthur Johnson, Aaronic Priesthood Advisor; Walter Braun; Keith Saxon, Quorum Supervisor; Mack Taylor; Russell K. Homer, Second Counselor of the Fourth Ward Bishopric; Herman Fong; Haruo Christensen. Other members of the quorum not present are Joseph Woolley, Ralph Beddow, Lewis Gowans, and John Kinolau.

Mutual Messages

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE Q. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOY,
Secretary

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

NEEDED QUALIFICATIONS FOR YOUR ME

By Francis Alvin Porter of
Orderville, Utah

MR. PORTER sent a list of desirable qualities which we enjoyed reading. Some of them we are passing on to you.

Faith: assurance, built upon truth.

Hope: quality of good cheer.

Charity: the sum of virtues; pure love of God; unselfishness.

Virtue: sum of desirable qualities, strength, patience, courage, love, self-control, endurance.

Temperance: control in all things; speech, thought, emotions, appetites.

Prayerfulness: source of strength, wisdom, power; the only access unto God.

Persistence: endurance; plans put over; qualities of the plodders.

Self-confidence: know your capabilities; power to do, to succeed.

Judgment: able to strike the right line to follow.

Health habits: keep the Word of Wisdom; use simple remedies.

ARE YOU ACHIEVING?

QUERIES which may help you to achieve:

Department Achievement: How many of your departments have increased their enrollment 10% over that of last year, (or have 75% of those eligible for membership)? How many of your departments have secured two-thirds attendance during three months? How many will complete their department program by May 12th?

Your Ward Honor Day is May 19th. On that evening you will give recognition to all of your departments who can answer yes to the three questions above. Ward Honor Day should be a gala event—congratulations and applause should be in evidence for the departments achieving.

Remember that each time a department achieves it means one credit or achievement for your Association. There are eight possible department credits.

Individual Achievement. Have you succeeded in making all of your membership interested in the Achievement Plan? Each individual who completes his department work with his group, or who has appeared in a play, in the

opera, or in a chorus, or who has demonstrated the two M. I. A. dances (or one and an original dance), and who has also attended Mutual at least fifteen times, is entitled to receive recognition or be placed on the ward roll of honor. It is possible for an individual to achieve four times—once for his department program, and once in drama, dancing, and music.

Ward Achievement. There are eleven possible achievements for your ward to make—eight department credits and a credit each in drama, dancing, and music. Will your ward reach the goal in one, or two, or all three of these activities? For each of these achievements you will receive recognition from the Stake on Stake Honor Day. Be sure that you earn at least four of them; *unless you do, your stake will not achieve.*

Individual achievement cards will be on sale at the General Board Offices at 1c each.

Department awards will also be provided; price announced later.

HOW ONE WARD INCREASED ENROLLMENT

THE 19th Ward of Salt Lake Stake gave a department manual to each person who brought a new member to Mutual, provided the latter was enrolled and came at least three times.

REXBURG ERA CONFERENCE

A DECIDEDLY unique and interesting gathering, one of the most successful of its kind yet reported to the General Board, was conducted in the Rexburg Stake Tabernacle Sunday, February 2, in the nature of a celebration of the completion of *The Improvement Era* campaign in all the wards of the stake.

It was planned by the Stake Era Directors with Ira Watson as chairman and Vivian Ricks Atkinson as vice-chairman. Ward Era Directors were associated on the committee. More than twelve hundred people were gathered in the tabernacle for the event. Stake President Peter Ricks, Jr. and his Counselors, practically all members of the Stake High Council, Bishops and Counselors, as well as Stake and Ward M. I. A. officers from all parts of the stake participated.

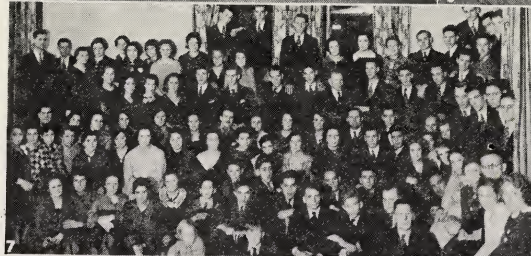
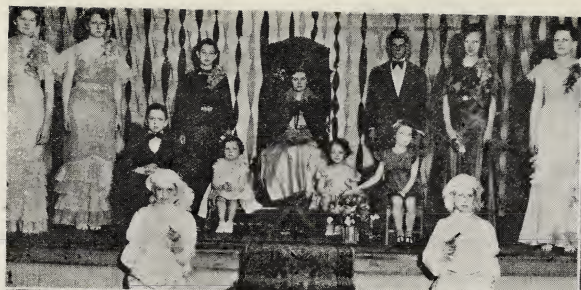
The North Idaho Falls stake choir,

under the direction of Lewis A. Lee, and consisting of seventy-five voices and soloists, supplied the musical program with the exception of one number which was provided by the Ucon M. I. A. Quartet. M. D. Beal, member of the Stake Superintendency of Y. M. M. I. A. represented the stake officers in complimenting the Stake and Ward Era Directors and the people of the stake upon the splendid achievement. Professor J. F. Catmul of Ricks College read a selection from the November *Improvement Era* to a musical accompaniment. John D. Giles represented the General Boards. Stake Superintendent D. W. Stowell and Stake President Leona Archibald gave splendid cooperation in the entire campaign and celebration. At the close of the meeting numerous expressions of cooperation and good will to *The Improvement Era* were given by Stake and Ward leaders. The General Boards extend hearty congratulations to Rexburg Stake for this unusual demonstration.

Adults

WE ARE approaching the close of the season. Many classes begin to have an attendance problem. Start now and stimulate attendance to your group. Don't let this problem creep up on you. Keep up your rolls, take but a few minutes checking up on absent ones. Remember to commend and compliment those who are always faithful. Assign them the absent ones personally to call up and bring to class. Do not weary in your well doing.

The manual is very interesting just for general reading. These discussions scheduled for the months of March and April contain wisdom and knowledge enough to help all persons who heed them to attain whatever they might desire. They would become independent and self-sustaining and from their abundance they could give to those less fortunate. On page 100 in a small sentence is such an axiom. "These stalwart pioneers were men who studied and prepared themselves for their task in every conceivable way, and then worked diligently and trusted God for the increase." High achievement required the application of serious thinking and great endeavor at any



1. Queen and Attendants of Timpanogos Stake Gold and Green Ball.
2. Queen and Attendants of Gold and Green Ball, Susanville, Nevada district.
3. St. George M Men-Gleaner Banquet.
4. Open House Reception, First Ward, Weber Stake, Ogden.
5. First Ward Road Show cast, director, and accompanist of winning cast of North Idaho Falls Stake.
6. Winning Road Show Act, Maricopa Stake, Arizona.
7. M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
8. Queen and Attendants, Oneida Stake Gold and Green Ball.
9. Rexburg, Idaho, M Men-Gleaner Banquet.

Adults (Continued)

time. The members of our Church have a special mission over and above ordinary living. Our lives are to preach a sermon to the world. In the main the lives of our pioneers did thus, and it is our business to continue in this achievement. We cannot be successful if we grow careless and lazy in our endeavor.

We cannot prepare for your individual groups, but you leaders have the obligation of preparation. We interest you to make it the same kind of preparation mentioned in the above quotation. In analyzing Christ's leadership, these points are given, they are applicable to us.

Prepared leadership. His followers felt his authority. He knew his text.

He made his group believe in him by his deeds.

He had companionship with them. "He walked with me, and He talked with me, and He called me all his own."

His method was personal, instructive, conversational, a working out of problems together. He individualized the members of his group.

He taught each member according to his needs, each was given a work, missionary in nature. Christ understood his followers and they felt free to come to him with their questions.

Does it all sound impossible? It is not. It becomes easy with practice. Just as a physician can diagnose patients' ailments. It does require interest and work, there is no excellence without labor.

You can get better acquainted with a person at one social than you can at half a dozen meetings so do not neglect your socials. Now is the time to prepare for your Hobby show. Socialize your hobby nights. Have a demonstration of pioneer dancing in your group when you discuss Chapter 13.

Have some music and old-fashioned readings and refreshments with Chapter 13 or 14. It will not be too burdensome if you have the whole group help.

"Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap; if we faint not." D. & C. 64:33.

Seniors

TWO AND A HALF MONTHS TO GO!

SENIOR classes have been discussing the "Community Highway to Better Things" in a more or less theoretical manner. Now is a good time for leader and members to pause and ask themselves two questions: What have we done? What can we do?

We are prone to talk too much—to become "lesson bound" rather than constructively active. Dr. Geddes has thrown out many hints of the ailments

which affect our communities and has suggested many remedies, but there must be somebody to do the job.

Name over some of the ways in which your community can be improved—your own community—not the world. Let the world movements "bide a wee" until the particular places in which we live and have our being are made better.

Do you need a library or a book center where books may be pooled? If so what can you do—right now—about it? Are there magazines cluttering up many homes which might be centralized and used by those who have few? How can your community cooperate with your neighboring community in securing water, light, heat, better roads to recreational places, in procuring a baseball diamond for the young people, a place where they can camp to better advantage, lyceums and other public educational entertainments, etc., etc.?

Spring is around the corner—has arrived in many of our sections. Now is the time to crystallize the winter's teaching and to translate your speeches, your arguments, into actual betterment of your community. If you will so translate your work, then your community has taken "The Community Highway to Better Things."

HOBBIES

A GOOD general hobby for the leader as well as every member of his class would be the improvement of his own grounds and his community. Now is the time to talk flower-culture, new and better plants for those who like experimentation, the planting of trees and shrubs, the landscaping of public and private grounds.

During these present weeks, why not get some projects under way—projects that will count? A hobby is an activity into which a person can pour his soul. Every person should find such an one.

There are hundreds of opportunities for selecting hobbies. Here are some suggestions: stamp collecting, gardening, violin making, bass viol making, carpentry of all kinds, such as building chests of drawers, writing desks (they're popular again), book cases, cement work such as making stepping stones, garden seats, garden tables, pools, fountains, etc., etc., needle point, rug making, knitting (knit dresses are now very popular), painting, china painting, wood carving, pottery. Scores of others can be mentioned by class members.

Activity is what we seek. Let's find re-creational activity.

M Men

SPORTSMANSHIP is the Golden Rule of athletics, competition, and game activities. It is the one quality in an

athlete that makes him the hero. It is the spirit of square-deal and fair-play in competition. It is that finer spiritual element of the game. It gives life, meaning, and value to the athletic program. Without it competition becomes beefy, animalistic, and brutal. With it athletics become a manly art.

Everybody admires sportsmanship, even the poor sport. It is courage for the right; it is "turning the other cheek" in the heat of contest. It is the undergirding motive of all the motives of the M Men program. An M Man is sportsmanship in flesh and bone. What an attractive picture it is! What grip it has upon the finer fibers of man!

May we not with profit, supervisors and M Men leaders, ask ourselves to what degree is this spirit carrying over in our complete Mutual and M Men program? What is sportsmanship in our program?

In the opening exercises it is activity and participation.

In the class room it is sincerity, interest.

In the devotional period of Mutual it is reverence.

In the joint-activities it is doing our part.

In the culture courses it is growth by application.

In the dance it is gentility.

In the Slogan it is Spirituality.

In the game it is the manly art of fairness.

Towards officers it is respect, courtesy.

Towards the building it is care.

Towards the program it is appreciation.

Towards the Gleaner it is cooperation and the gentlemen.

And towards self it is improvement.

Suggestions as to what Supervisors, Class leaders, and M Men Presidents may do:

1. Motivate the spirit of sportsmanship throughout your group.

2. Make use of the story in all the banquets soon to be held. Have them given by M Men and Gleaners. Check on them as to appropriateness and theme of the occasion.

3. Have your M Men appear in the opening exercises with speeches which have grown out of the class work.

4. Apply for the Sunday Evening Conjoint Session—have all the addresses given by M Men of your Ward.

5. Re-check the physical condition of the boys now in the basketball competition. You may save a boy!

6. Plan for spring athletic activities on a Ward, Stake, or inter-Stake basis.

7. Re-check the class manual work. How is it going over? What is needed to enrich the lesson hour?

8. Are your groups cooperating with the Gleaners to the advantage of both and the program?

Gleaners

SIMPLE CENTERPIECES

OF COURSE if we can afford them, fresh flowers make the loveliest centerpiece for any occasion, all seasons of the year. But we usually find summer the only season in which we can pick and therefore afford centerpieces of flowers for our luncheons, teas, or dinners.

Honestly, it is really fun to see how beautifully we can get along without flowers when we must. In their place we might use any one of a hundred simple centerpieces.

We've all seen and perhaps used lovely baskets, bowls, trays, or plates of attractively arranged fruit. How many of us have tried arranging a mound of fruit on a mirror? Any size or shape mirror will do. The reflections of the fruit make a doubly lovely centerpiece. A border of green around the edge of the mirror of parsley, carrot tops, ivy, or fern, adds much to its attractiveness.

A mirror can again be used as part of a centerpiece by placing on it three house plants in pots the same size. The flower pots should be covered with white tissue paper and tied with inch satin ribbon ending in three lovely bows. The pots can be placed in a line on a long mirror or in a triangle on a round mirror.

Here is another simple centerpiece which can be used later in your kitchen. Purchase your vegetables for their perfection as well as usefulness. You will need a cauliflower, celery, four tomatoes, radishes, lettuce, red and green peppers, carrots, three potatoes, parsley, spring onions, two artichokes, and a small slightly curled Italian squash. With a little patience and time these vegetables can be arranged in a bowl, in a basket, on a mirror, on a large pottery plate, or on a silver tray, into one of the most amazing centerpieces you've ever used. This combination has been used with candlelight at both an autumn tea and a dinner very successfully.

Try using a pumpkin shell cut down to the size of a large bowl with the top cut in a zig-zag fashion forming a pointed, scalloped edge. Into this arrange various fruits having some gracefully droop over the edges. Vegetables also may be used to fill the pumpkin bowl.

To make the nut cups, cut the oranges in halves and remove the meat. The edges of the oranges are cut in the same zig-zag fashion as the pumpkin. Then dip the orange shells in melted paraffin.

The pumpkin centerpiece can be used with candlelight at a late afternoon tea or with the nut cups at a small dinner.—*Florence S. Jacobsen.*

Explorers

VANBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS THRILLING

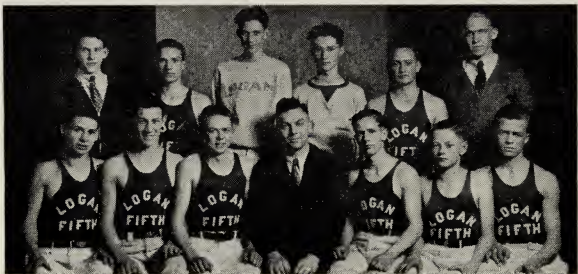
Logan Fifth Ward Final Victor

VANBALL history repeated itself when teams from Explorer Troops 105 and 113 of Logan 5th and 9th Wards in Cache Stake, co-champions last

6. Whittier Ward, Wells Stake, Salt Lake Council; 7. Cannon Ward, Pioneer Stake, Salt Lake Council; 8. Taylor Ward, North Weber Stake, Ogden Area Council.

Sweaters were given the members of the winning team and ribbons to all participating in the finals.

The Church team follows: First Team: M. Rogers, Logan 9th Ward; J.



year, faced each other in the finals in the fifth annual tournament held in Salt Lake City, January 24th and 25th. After two days play the two teams were deadlocked the final day which was Saturday. In order to bring the championship to a conclusion, the officials decided upon a time-limit match which ended on the stroke of midnight. With the score 7 to 5 Logan 5th Ward was declared Church champions for this year.

Logan 9th Ward was as magnificent in defeat as were the champions in victory. The players of Troop 113

Logan Fifth Ward Explorer Vanball Team—Church Champions 1936—Explorer Troop No. 105. Front row left to right: Ray Hogue, Dick Ryan, Bill Thomas, Capt.; Henry K. Achischer, Exp. Leader; Howard Morris, Dale Olsen, Wayne Morgan. Back row left to right: Ned Clyde, Mgr. Reid Smith, Dean Black, Junior Murray, Kedrith Neeley, Irvin Fish, Coach.

Skidmore, Logan 9th Ward; N. Hess, Logan 9th Ward; H. Ellsworth, Pocatello 5th Ward; W. Morgan, Logan



were compelled to win their way back to the final games, placing them under a handicap for the final series.

The final standing of all teams in the tournament was as follows: 1. Logan 5th Ward, Cache Stake, Cache Valley Council; 2. Logan 9th Ward, Cache Stake, Cache Valley Council; 3. Fairview South Ward, North Sanpete Stake, Bryce Canyon Council; 4. Pocatello, 5th Ward, Pocatello Stake, Tendo Council; 5. Emigration Ward, Bonneville Stake, Salt Lake Council;

Logan Ninth Ward (Cache Stake) Vanball Team—Explorer Troop No. 113 — Second Place Winners Fifth Annual Vanball Tournament. Front row left to right: Wayne Westerholm, Niles Hess, Jean Stevenson, Max Rogers, Captain; James Skidmore, Grant Stevenson, Delbert Napper. Back row: Alvin Hess, District Chairman; E. N. Reese, Troop Committeeman, Dean Rogers, Herbert Pack, Manager; Don Stevenson, Wilbert Talbot, Explorer Leader, Henry Skidmore, Coach.

5th Ward; R. Ryan, Logan 5th Ward. Second Team: D. Womach, Pocastello 5th Ward; D. Stevenson, Logan 9th Ward; K. Neeley, Logan 5th Ward; W. Rosander, Cannon Ward; R. Vance, Fairview South Ward; C. Beckstrom, Emigration Ward.

Juniors

NEW Leaders in the Junior Department: May we refer you to the Article, "The Planning of Teaching," written by Hazel Brockbank, and published in the Junior notes of *The Improvement Era* for March, 1935. You will find it most helpful.

Many Stakes are beginning to think Junior Festival. If you have not as yet been able to decide upon a theme, maybe the suggestions given in the February, March, and May, 1935 issues of *The Improvement Era* will give you an idea.

How is the class dance scrap book progressing? Have you clipped the article entitled "Dancing Pests," which appeared in the *Delineator* for January, 1936.

According to the Junior calendar the lesson for April 14th is "All One Family." The following story could be used as an introduction or would fit in elsewhere:

In the Church today are thousands of members whose progenitors were of the Lamanite and Nephite races. Pocahontas, a descendant of these peoples, has been recognized as one of the great heroines of America.

We first hear of her in December, 1607. Captain John Smith had been carried a prisoner before the dread Chief Powhatan and sentenced to death. At the minute of execution Pocahontas, the King's dearest and best-beloved daughter hazarded her own life to save his, and so prevailed on her father that John Smith was given safe conduct to Jamestown.

To her is given the credit for the survival of the white colony in Virginia. She fed them when they were starving, and warned them of Indian ambushes, risking the wrath of her father.

For a few years, during which there was considerable warfare with the Indians, little was heard of her. Then Captain Argall, on an expedition up the river, learned that she was staying not far away, and bribed an old Indian sachem to betray her aboard his ship for a copper kettle. He then detained her as a hostage until peace could be concluded with her father. Two of her brothers came to see her and found her so well cared for that they returned rejoicing, promising they would persuade their father to redeem her and forever be fast friends with the English. With them went Master John Rolfe.

This John Rolfe was an English gen-

tleman of good character and education. His English wife and their infant child had died on the way to Virginia. He had met Pocahontas while she was a prisoner in Jamestown, and was attracted by the beauty of her character and her personal charm, and thought of marrying her. Being a devout Christian, he debated long in his mind the wisdom of taking an Indian bride from among a heathen people. But Pocahontas expressed a desire to be taught the knowledge of God, and seemed very capable of understanding, and soon at her desire was baptized and given the name of Rebecca.

When John Rolfe told Powhatan of his love for Pocahontas the old warrior was well pleased, and peace was established between the two races. In the Church at Jamestown, about April 5, 1614, Pocahontas was publicly married to John Rolfe. Later she went to England with him and was presented at

Court, where she was graciously accepted.

She died soon after the birth of her son, Thomas Rolfe, and was buried in England. The child grew up over there until he was about 20 years of age, when he went to Virginia. Large grants of land were given him and he became a person of distinction in the Colony. He married and had an only child, Jane Rolfe. She married in 1675 Col. Robert Bolling, and gave birth to an only son, John Bolling. This great-grandson of Pocahontas had a daughter, Mary Bolling, who had a daughter, Mary Fleming. She had a daughter, Catherine Barnett. Two of her sons had families which joined the Church, and from them alone there are thousands of descendants holding membership. One of these, the eighth great-grandson of Pocahontas, is now the Secretary of the Genealogical Society of Utah.

Ogden Explorer Troop 511 Holds Annual Banquet



Explorer Troop 511, Ogden, Annual Dinner and Social.

An unusually successful social and dancing party, of the type suggested by the General Boards of the M. I. A. for Explorer and Junior Girl groups was conducted by Explorer Troop No. 511 of the Ogden Area Council recently.

The social was planned before the suggestion for combining with the Junior Girls was announced and was conducted entirely by the Explorers.

The program was original and unique. Explorers with their partners, parents, members of the bishopric and wives, and invited guests assembled first in the recreation hall when an original vaudeville sketch was presented by troop members. This was followed by the banquet and business meeting. The "banquet" consisted of chili and

crackers, individual apple pies, chocolate and "trimmings." During its progress the business of the annual meeting was conducted, consisting of reports from committees, seven in all, talks by troop officers, members of the bishopric, President George H. Lowe of the Ogden Area Council and John D. Giles, Chairman of the Explorer Committee of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The third feature of the program was an "amateur hour." A complete radio plant had been provided and the contest was conducted in mimic of Major Bowes. At the conclusion of the radio feature, a semi-formal dancing social completed the evening.

Explorer Ralph Belpap was chairman of the Committee in charge, co-operating with Chairman Black of the troop committee.

Bee-Hive Girls

GUIDES for the month of March are centered around the home. This affords a good opportunity for us to emphasize the slogan in the lives of Bee-Hive Girls—"We Stand for Spirituality and Happiness in the Home." To have happiness in the home each member must do her part. This month the Builders are to learn how to mend. Each girl may lighten mother's burdens by keeping her own clothing in repair. Gatherers learn how to help care for the baby and how properly to set a table and serve a meal. Bee-Keepers should help the girls feel a pleasure in home duties.

As spring approaches we begin to plan for many interesting activities for Bee-Hive Girls.

Bee-Hive Week: This event was most successful last year and is to be established as a permanent event each year. The first week in May has been chosen as Bee-Hive Week. (This year it will be May 3rd to 9th inclusive.)

The week should include hikes, excursions, daily good turns, demonstrations, and it is suggested that the Day of the Swarm be held. It is hoped also that the girls will participate in M. I. A. programs, Church gatherings, and socials, wearing their uniforms on such occasions. For detailed suggestions see Bee-Hive Department, March Era, 1935.

Day of the Swarm: Many of you are no doubt making plans for your Day of the Swarm. As far as possible this should be a Stake event—one to which the girls will look forward during the entire year.

A SUGGESTED DAY OF THE SWARM PROGRAM

1. Reception—afternoon or evening as desired.
Rooms attractively decorated.
Refined, cultural atmosphere.
Soft instrumental music.
Guests received at the door by Bee-Hive Girls; who escort them to the receiving line composed of M. I. A. executives, Stake and Ward Bee-Keepers, and Honor Bee-Hive Girls.
2. Bee-Hive Display—(attractive).
From receiving line Bee-Hive Girls conduct guests to display.
Bee-Hive Girls at display explain cell filling, symbols, Honey Comb.
3. Refreshments—(If desired).
Guests escorted to another room for refreshments.
Soft music, allowing opportunity for conversation.
Dainty refreshments made and served by the Bee-Hive Girls.
4. Program.
Music, as guests are seated in chapel.
"March of the Bee-Hive Girls" sung by

girls and Bee-Keepers march in together and take their place, which has been reserved.

Bee-Hive Call—all Bee-Hive Girls, with trumpet if desired.

Prayer.

Promise and Salute—all Bee-Hive Girls.
Song—"Spirit of the Hive."

Greeting and brief word picture of Bee-Hive organization—a Ward or Stake Bee-Keeper.

Giving of awards in formations, if possible.

Flag ceremony and Pledge of Allegiance.
Taps.

Prayer.

Music while passing out.

The Junior Stake Leader may be asked to participate, receiving the Guardians who are entering the Junior Department.

This program may be varied. If desired the refreshments may be served in the recreation hall, the guests seated around the edge of the hall, leaving the floor space vacant. While guests are eating, the program may be given, this to consist of an impressive flag ceremony, songs, and demonstrations of cell-filling from the fields by various swarms of the Stake and the awards made, using the Bee-Hive formations.

The program suggested above may be given in the chapel after, which the guests are taken to the recreation hall where they are served, while the Bee-Hive Girls entertain them with folk dancing and singing.

A Day of the Swarm program should be well planned and carefully prepared in order to avoid confusion. All Swarms should be given responsibility and the girls should be made to feel that they with their Bee-Keepers are hostesses. In this way a great deal of noise and confusion made by the girls themselves may be avoided.

Bee-Keepers' Service Pin: Stake Bee-Keepers should begin checking with Ward Bee-Keepers at once, to see if any are eligible for the three year service pin. Some may have served the three years and, can, during the next two months complete the other requirements for the pin. This pin will be awarded during June Conference to all who are eligible. Test questions and full information will be furnished Stake Presidents and Stake Bee-Keepers upon request.

Five Year Pin: June, 1936, is the time for the awarding also of the first five-year service pins. In 1933 about one-hundred and seventy Bee-Keepers received the three-year pin. We hope they have all remained in service and will receive the five-year pin, which will be awarded by the General Board at June Conference. All those who filled the requirements for the three year pin and have remained in service two additional consecutive years by June, 1936 are eligible for the five year pin. This pin will be awarded each year from now on.

Rembrandt Van Rijn

(Concluded from page 159)

features have been softened by the years. In the eyes there is an inward light, the shining forth of the spirit which has triumphed over the ills of the body.

BANKRUPT, toiling ceaselessly to satisfy his creditors, Rembrandt worked on, left with a few faithful friends who kept with him to the end. Jan Six, a splendid youth in Rembrandt's earlier, happier days, came to a high place as Burgo-master, but stayed staunchly beside his friend, cheering him and bringing him his last great commission. This was the order for a portrait group of the Syndic, the Cloth Guild, an ancient and honorable institution. These worthy merchants had often been pictured in the past but never before by such a genius as Rembrandt.

Rembrandt, as he studied those five stalwart, honest men bethought him of the heroic history of his own small but valiant land. He knew that it was by such as these that Holland had been brought through her darkest days and had finally achieved peace with honor and a substantial prosperity.

Looking at those five friendly faces we find ourselves wishing they might speak, for surely they would be good and heartening words. We cannot see the person at the door, but it is evidently someone they are glad to see, even in the midst of much accounting and argument. In this portrait group of the Syndics, Rembrandt wisely gave equal prominence to all five sitters, and so avoided such trouble as he had with the "Sortie of the Banning Company" the so-called "Night Watch."

This marvelous merchant group was painted when Rembrandt's sight was failing and his finances at a low ebb. Seeing but dimly he still paints on, leaving pictures that grow greater with the years as our understanding of them deepens. In them he has put the light of that high star he followed down the darkest years.

Rembrandt has been sometimes criticized for a lack of order in his life, although many ill reports have long since been disproved. He had his failings, being human, yet few men ever rendered a better accounting of their span of years than Rembrandt Hermansz Van Rijn, who out of a great darkness brought a still greater light.

PROMOTING SPIRITUALITY TODAY



After delivering the keynote address at Leadership Week, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., posed with others before the historic Education Building. Front row, Mrs. F. S. Harris, Mrs. Clark, and President Clark. Back row, President F. S. Harris, Mrs. Joseph Anderson, and Joseph Anderson.

"Greater spirituality is an urgent need of the times."

THIS message went forth to many parts of the continent late in January, when several thousand men and women journeyed home from the Fifteenth Annual Leadership Week at Brigham Young University. The Week, which ended on January 31, attracted representatives of eighty-five L. D. S. stakes and three missions in fourteen states, Canada, and Mexico.

"Promoting Spirituality Today" was the theme upon which focused the lectures and discussions in the general assemblies and the short courses. Of the latter there were thirty-three, a record-breaking offering. Dr. Gerrit de Jong, Jr., was general chairman of the Week. President F. S. Harris and Professor H. R. Merrill, newly appointed director of the Extension Division, also helped mold the great adult education project into a cohesive and powerful unit.

As keynote speaker President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. addressed the first general assembly. Observers pronounced the crowd the largest opening day audience in the history of Leadership Week. With impressive earnestness President Clark declared:

"Give to your sons and to your daughters, so far as you can, cour-

age, the courage of their convictions, the courage of their teachings, so that they may withstand the temptations under which they come. Give them the courage to be just good old-fashioned believers in the principles of the Gospel. That is the kind of courage you want. I am not interested, and you should not be, in having them spend their time speculating about all of these spiritual refinements, these "high-faluting" religious ideas, which are broadcast today. They have all the work they can do, just as you have had all the work you can do, in understanding and in living up to the principles of the Gospel, and if the principles are lived up to they will save them as they are saving you.

"May God give to you and to the teachers of this institution the power, the dignity, the supremacy which comes from real spirituality, which comes from a belief in God as the Father, in Jesus Christ as the Son, as the Redeemer, as the Messiah: and that comes from believing in Joseph Smith as the prophet of this dispensation, and in the restoration of the Priesthood . . ."

President Clark brought a message from President Heber J. Grant, who sent love and encouragement to the Leadership Week visitors and to the Church University. Also President Grant sent his moving testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet, the prophet of the last dispensation.

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Quorum of the Twelve, spoke on the following day. Supplementing the dictionary definition of spiritual-

ity, he explained that spirituality is of or pertaining to that which promotes the eternal exaltation of man. Dr. Adam S. Bennion addressed the same assembly.

The theme of developing a robust spirituality and applying it more widely was also expanded by the remaining assembly speakers including Elder George D. Pyper, general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union, and Hugh B. Brown.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Quorum of the Twelve, urged a more fervent appreciation of the great gifts we have been given. "If there is one thing this generation needs it is spiritual guidance, even in material things," he maintained.

Dr. Franklin L. West, Church Commissioner of Education, spoke on Thursday also. He made a plea for a more intimate understanding of the problems of youth today. Youth faces grave perplexities. He mentioned the financial obstacle which often delays marriage. This difficulty, complicated by considerable leisure, which is often enforced leisure, leads to temptations. He felt that the young people of today are doing amazingly well in the face of their troubles. But he urged them to seek the guidance of their elders.

Governor Henry H. Blood outlined Utah's social welfare program before the concluding general assembly, which was arranged by the State Conference of Social Work, under President J. C. Swenson.

The L. D. S. Relief Society joined with the social conference in one Friday session to hear Counselor Amy Brown Lyman discuss social service techniques and attitudes. Sister Lyman has for some time conducted a class in social case work at the University.

MARION TALLEY + A HOMEMAKER

MEET MARION TALLEY, AS IVA WILSON, KIMBERLY, IDAHO, KNOWS HER. MISS TALLEY IS NOW PREPARING FOR HER DEBUT IN PICTURES.

By IVA WILSON

BLUE-EYED Marion Talley, the famous coloratura soprano, has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to work in the movies. The vehicles will be feature pictures of the operatic type. She says, "I am eager for something fresh to do. Wind has blown away the dirt and lack of snow has caused my wheat to freeze, so prospects look bad," but added the smile that thousands of her operatic and concert patrons love.

Miss Talley retired at the height of her career from the Metropolitan Opera Company at the age of twenty-two in the spring of 1929, because she wanted a home and wanted to be a home-maker. The young prima donna won recognition at the Metropolitan Opera House when a mere girl. She was loved and admired in her glittering roles as few other such young singers have ever been. But there was room in her busy life for the simple joys and responsibilities of a home.

She has mingled with the great and is one of the famous "song birds" of the day; she has had fame and glory, won with that lovely golden voice and her superb womanhood, but that did not in itself give her the greatest desire of her heart. She wanted a real home!

At heart Miss Talley is a true homemaker. She loves her music and she loves her home. She says, "I have always wanted a home of my own where I can do just as I please. I want to do much of the work myself. I can cook, as my sister and I have always helped with the housework. I am not afraid to get a meal for anyone because I know that I can. I do not mind household duties for I like to do the things in the house. I have made hooked rugs and hemstitched linens. My home is comfortable and modern in every way and it is very "homey"—a real home for us all.

"We cook only the most nourishing and healthful of foods. We never have pie, cake, or white bread on our table, or rich pudding sauces



Marion Talley

which are so attractive to the eye but so disastrous to the stomach. We prize our health above all else. We believe in plenty of fresh air and sunshine and we can have that in plenty on our farm.

"How wonderful to gather vegetables wet with dew, crisp and fresh. How wonderful to enjoy the things we really love! Farm life is a complete life and also an investment in health. I think there is nothing that keeps one more contented and happy both mentally and spiritually than being in the open enjoying the beauties of Nature and basking in the sunshine.

"Music has always been the one thing in my life and I love it but I want a real home too, to come to when I need rest and want to relax. Sometimes one tires of the rigidly-circumscribed life of the prima donna and of the artificialities of opera

life. What then could be more wonderful than to have my home to go to for rest and recreation. I believe every woman is domestic no matter how far she is up on the ladder of fame."

Listening to Miss Talley sing "Home Sweet Home," will prove the statement that she wanted a home. She sings with such depth of feeling that one catches in the lovely voice a certain pathos, wistfulness, and tender longing.

Marion Talley is an outdoor girl with vitality and health. She is attractive with her rose-petal complexion and lovely blue eyes. She fairly radiates health. She loves tennis, horseback riding and swimming and, yes—running a tractor!

The Talleys (father, mother, and sister) believe in simple, wholesome

KIPLING'S TRIBUTES TO WOMEN

(Concluded from page 151)

living. All their meals are light and simple. When Marion was six years old, her father taught her to start each day with two glasses of hot water to cleanse the stomach and tone up the complexion.

MISS TALLEY says, "Nature has been very kind to me in giving me a good constitution and I do not intend to abuse it. I am rarely ill. I take a tepid bath after drinking my hot water and this is followed by a cold shower. I then have a brisk rub down. I take exercises that are intended for all-round development and more particularly for the cultivation of poise and grace, for these are two valuable qualities that every actress and singer need; and every other woman for that matter, especially the business woman. I really think the reason I never suffered from stage fright was due to the poise I developed. If I had not paid particular attention to my exercise, diet, and hours for rest and relaxation, I could never have attained my success.

"Many girls and women make a serious mistake when they diet to acquire the 'boyish form.' They haven't enough fat and muscle to protect their nervous system and they are just a bundle of nerves. I do not jazz, smoke, or drink—my philosophy of life does not include those things. I keep regular hours. Health is a priceless asset and we should prize it as a precious possession.

"I am glad I have my home, for home is the very foundation of the Nation and homemaking and careers work out nicely together. No one needs a home and its environments more than a woman with a career, or the tired business woman. On the other hand the homemaker surely needs a hobby or something outside of her home duties for mental relaxation too. They work admirably together."

Marion Talley is a fitting mistress for a home for she is ambitious, artistic, sensible, and a good business woman as well as a superb singer. With her wonderful poise she can entertain her guests charmingly. In her is the culture of the East, the dignity of the North, the compelling charm of the South, and the bigness and broadness of the West. She is a fine example of our American girlhood.

"Alone upon the housetops to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky—
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.
'Below my feet the still bazar is laid—
Far, far, below the weary camels lie—
The camels and the captives of thy raid,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die."

THE splendid courage and hope of the mother who lost her son in the war are shown in "The Nativity," "The Song of Women" and "The Dirge of Dead Sisters" are exceptional examples of the superlative devotion of women to the cause of humanity. In this class, too, must come the much-maligned, "The Female of the Species." Contrary to the common conception of it, this poem is a real tribute to woman—placing her not as an equal but as a superior to man:

"So it comes that man, the coward, when
he gathers to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, dare
not leave a place for her
Where at war with Life and Conscience,
he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice—which
no woman understands.

"And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that
the Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern—shall
enthrall but not enslave him.

"And She knows, because She warns him,
and her instincts never fail.
That the Female of Her Species is more
deadly than the Male."

Two rather cleverly managed compliments to women are condensed in "To the Unknown Goddess" and "The Married Man." The age-old query of the young person is voiced in these lines:

"Have I met you and passed you already,
unknowing, unthinking, and blind?
Shall I meet you next season at Simla, O
sweetest and best of your kind?"

Then in the following lines we have the hope and the dormant love:

"... If that men tell me be true,
You will come in the future, and therefore
these verses are written to you."

FROM A HILLTOP

By Solveig Paulson

THE town has reached out and caught
the night
And bound her down with bands of light.

With gleaming nets across her breast
She lies submissive and at rest.

The soldier knows that the married man must be trained in the ways of the woman and so he says:

"I'd rather fight with the bachelor
And be nursed by the married man!"

The most exquisite of all Kipling's ladies is his cameo-cut blind lady of "They." Her sweet ways charm the reader; her touch of melancholy plays on the chord of sympathy; and her delightful fancies make everyone love her. Kipling, the producer of rough and ready men, becomes the expert sculptor in his creation of this most adorable of women.

Many other examples may be found to illustrate Kipling's delineation of lovely, inspirational women. To exhaust the number of instances would mean an inclusion of practically all his works. Without any more enumerating, let it suffice to quote:

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to
me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

"If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me
whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine."

Verily, womanhood is crowned, and by Rudyard Kipling, author of "The Vampire."

Interestingly enough, Kipling is linked definitely with the history of one of Utah's best-loved and most famous women. In 1899, Emmeline B. Wells, who was editor of the *Woman's Exponent* and who became the president of the Relief Society, sailed to attend the International Council of Women meeting in England. Rudyard Kipling was sailing on the same boat. The two conversed at considerable length. In the course of their talk, Mrs. Wells mentioned that his poem "The Recessional" would make a particularly stirring song if it were set to music. He seemed pleased with the interest she took in his poem and not long after this it was actually made a hymn. Since that time "The Recessional" has been sung countless numbers of times by people all over the world.

LAZY MORNING

(Continued from page 165)

They hadn't met Ward, but claimed to have "heard plenty about him," and didn't like him.

"It'll do you no good, running around with him," her father had said. "What's he doing, picking up a stenographer when he can have his pick of the girls over on Devon Heights? Don't get any ideas into your head that he's serious."

"Who wants him to get serious?" Lorraine had demanded. She had resolved then and there to keep her plans and dreams secret from the family. "I only go with him for fun. I intend to have plenty of fun before I think of wanting anyone to get serious with me." And the idea of Pa's calling her a stenographer, when she'd been Stephen James' assistant secretary for nearly a year! Oh, well—in a way that was for the best. They needn't know about the raise she was expecting—

And now it wouldn't be for much longer. She'd had her raise, and since then she'd put by a nice sum each payday in a special account, which she thought of as her "emancipation fund." Soon there'd be enough for a suitable trousseau. That attained, she'd manage Ward easily enough—and she'd be Mrs. Ward Brooks and established in her Spanish-Colonial mansion before the folks realized what was happening. She regretted that it would have to be an elopement—she could have graced such a beautiful wedding! But as she probably couldn't ever afford a fine wedding anyway, that would be only a partial sacrifice. And the end was worth it.

LDLY she glanced through the rotogravures, laid them aside and put the magazine section with them. Becky had put the society pages, which held Lorraine's only real interest, on the very bottom. She would!

Spring brides—two pages of them. Lorraine was more interested in their costumes than their faces. There was one that was something of the type she'd choose if she could have her wish. A Spanish-y air about it; Ward would adore that. He always insisted that if he ever lost his heart it would be to a Senorita—and Lorraine was the most ravishing one he'd ever seen!

Her eye ran over the captions.

And suddenly the letters began to spin crazily; she caught her breath. It—it couldn't be! She'd only imagined Ward's name was there—one of those queer optical illusions, caused by her thinking of him. . . .

But no—there it was. The letters cleared again. "Miss Evelyn Trent, daughter of Dr. Robert Trent of Wakefield. Her engagement to Ward Brooks, well-known attorney of this city, is one of the interesting matrimonial announcements of the season."

Lorraine read it over and over. Calmly, after that first confused unbelief had passed. She was amazed at her calmness. Her world had crashed around her—yet she felt no sense of loss. She had given her heart to a man who was deserting her without warning—yet she was not suffering. Rather, she felt a bewildering sense of relief; as if a game of skill, requiring all her concentrated effort and attention but long grown boring, had ended unexpectedly and she was free.

She studied Miss Trent's picture with keen interest. Miss Trent was very blonde—and Ward had said he was all for brunettes! Miss Trent was not beautiful at all, unless the camera had lied as no self-respecting camera ever would. She was—she must be thirty, at least; she wore

dark-rimmed glasses, and her eyes were pale, her nose too short and her chin too long. Certainly there was nothing aristocratic about her appearance, and Lorraine, who had read the society columns avidly and regularly for years, could not remember having heard her name before.

But—Miss Trent was going to marry Ward Brooks, who, even while courting her, apparently, had been making ardent though careful love to Lorraine. Those "business trips" to Wakefield, that he'd lamented because they took him away from his little Spanish beauty. . . . "Court" business, evidently, Lorraine decided cynically. All his pretty phrases, his adoring glances, his devoted attentiveness, were . . . just a "line." He would not have cared if he had broken her heart.

LORRAINE laughed aloud. Thanks to a kindly fate, her heart was not broken!

She reached for the telephone, called Ward's number. His voice, cultured and pleasant, answered.

"I just saw the papers, and called to congratulate you," she told him gayly.

"Why, that's sweet of you, little pal. You're always the dearest thing!" he exclaimed. "What can I do to show how I appreciate your thoughtfulness?"

"No charge," Lorraine assured him. "It came from the heart."

"Precious child. I can't wait to see you again. Our date was at eight; mightn't we make it a little earlier?"

Her tone changed. "Oh, that, Ward? That, of course, is off."

"You don't mean that, Beautiful."

"But I do, Handsome."

"Oh, come! I don't think I understand you. Don't tell me you're turning prudish, Lorraine. I know better than that."

"So sorry to disillusion you, but if I must—well, I suppose I must. I really like to think, Ward, that you would be faithful—as you are faithful—in love." She felt rather proud of that.

He was silent for a moment. Then—

"I'm coming over to see you."

"You won't see me. Ladies have privileges, Ward. They may be

BEAR LAKE

By Miranda Walton

THE lake is a maiden:

She wears a veil of rose-pearl misty lace
For negligence;

And when the day is dull and dark, she
dons
A gown of gray.

Her lover is the sun:

When he appears she changes to a frock
Of blue brocade,
With emeralds in her hair, and on her
breast
A jewel of jade.

Sometimes she is sad:

Beneath her calm and poise, there lies a
depth
Of grief and woe;
To suit her troubled mood, she wears a
coat
Of indigo.

She dances with the winds:

Upon each outstretched arm, a thousand
gems
Flash crystal clear,
About her heart she drapes a filmy net
Of gossamer.

Lazy Morning

'out' when a gentleman calls. Or they may have perfectly terrible headaches and can't see anyone."

"You're—being absurd," he said. Somehow she knew that he had been about to say, "You're jealous."

"Think so? Well, I'm being—myself. And I find, Ward—" she was telling herself as well as him, and knew it was the truth—"I find—I like me. So sorry to have annoyed you. Goodbye!"

Waiting barely long enough to be sure the connection was broken, she called Hal.

"Listen—I've just broken the date I had for tonight. "If you—,"

"What time can I come? Gosh, it'll be good to see you!" All eagerness, as she had known he would be.

"It'll be rather nice to see you, too, you know," she laughed. Good old Hal. Not a pose or a deceit in him; he was as aboveboard as daylight. He might never have some of the accomplishments that Ward had, but he would always be wholesome and safe—and loyal. She liked that idea, suddenly. It was—something that Evelyn Trent could never have!—that assurance of her man's loyalty.

LORRAINE's mother came, bringing the light breakfast which Lorraine had quite forgotten asking for.

"Becky had to hurry to get to Sunday-School," she stated in her queer toneless way. "And I couldn't come up any sooner."

"That's all right. I'd have come down if I'd realized it was so late." Lorraine eyed her mother closely; she'd been crying. "Sit down, Mums; let's talk for a little while."

"I've got to get the dinner started."

"I'll be down and help, in a jiffy. Here—tell me what you've been crying about."

Ma turned her face away.

"Out with it!—Money, again?"

"Isn't it—usually—money?"

"Seems to be. What's needed this time?"

"Oh, the water-jacket in the kitchen stove's sprung a real bad leak, and—"

"Well, tell you what, Mums. I—I was thinking of getting you a new gas range and water heater for your birthday, so we'll just get 'em here a little early. Tomorrow."

"You—can't afford—"

(Concluded on page 186)

OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

WHILE *The Improvement Era* does not take the responsibility of endorsing or guaranteeing any of the products or services advertised in its columns, every effort and care is exercised to see that only the most reliable business institutions appear in this magazine.

The *Era* does not accept advertising for internal medicinal remedies, for tea, coffee, tobacco or liquors, or for any products directly or indirectly pertinent to the use of these prohibited commodities.

The Improvement Era specifically reserves the right to exclude any advertising from its columns.

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The advertisers who appear in *The Improvement Era* merit your patronage. Kindly mention this magazine when responding to these advertisements.

Beginning soon "The Improvement Era" will carry a page for Advertisers and the Home, which will feature a practical service to women through the cooperation of firms who use the columns of the "Era" to acquaint you with their products.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Concluded from page 172)

From the scriptures we learn that the Personage of Spirit, known as the Spirit of God, or Holy Ghost, is the third member of the Godhead, and that by the laying on of hands of one in authority, men and women receive the companionship of this Spirit, the mission of which is to guide them into all truth; to protect them against evil and teach them the things of the kingdom of God. Moreover, that there is an-

other Spirit, known as the Light of Christ, or Spirit of Truth, which proceeds "forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space." This spirit is not a personage, but an essence, substance, or influence, which gives life to all things. It is the power through which the Almighty works in the creation of worlds and through which they are governed. It also quickens the intelligence of man and will, if he will heed its influence and teachings, lead him to the fulness of truth, or the Gospel. Men can, and in the majority of cases do, rebel against this Spirit and refuse to hearken to its teachings, therefore they are not led to the light of the Gospel. Most men love darkness rather than light and are persuaded by the enemy of all righteousness to forsake the teachings of the Spirit of Christ and hence they remain in the bondage of sin because they do not repent and come unto Christ where His Spirit would, if they were willing to heed it, lead them.

HYMN

By Grace Kaye

BEFORE The door
Of joy can stand unsealed
The heart and soul must yield
Their sacred herb of Godliness
Unto the pores of lowliness
In beast and man.
The clay's own plan
Decreases . . . "true brotherhood
Alone begets life's good."
Behold! Its name
Breathes joy to flame!

LAZY MORNING

(Concluded from page 185)

"You see if I can't. Why, I've got quite a bit saved towards 'em already." That "emancipation fund"—what a glorious way to use it!

"It's high time you had a few modern conveniences around here."

Ma raised a rough hand to her eyes—but two tears slipped down

beneath her fingers. They fell right onto Evelyn Trent's picture. Lorraine had to chuckle, seeing the smudge they made.

"Oh, look, Ma. You see this? It's—it's the girl Ward Brooks is going to marry."

Queer—mothers' faces. The fear and relief and bewilderment they could betray, all at once!

"You—knew, before?"

"Sure." Lorraine told another lie glibly, feeling certain that it was not the sort that would hold any judgment-day terrors for her. "For some time. Of course, now that it's announced, I'm not having any more dates with him."

Ma plucked at a rough place in the bedspread. "I was—so afraid for you, honey. Men like that—it's so easy for girls to get hurt."

"Not me. I know my way around. And—I honestly don't envy that girl very much. I wouldn't give Hal for a dozen of Ward Brooks. Hal will be over this afternoon, Ma. Say—could I ask him to dinner?"

"Sure. We all like Hal. I'd better be getting things started—" but Ma made no move towards leaving her place on the edge of the bed.

Lorraine slipped out the other side. "I'll come right down and help," she said briskly—with never a suggestion of the languorous lady in her words or movements.

"This room—is so pretty, Lorraine. I could sit here forever, just enjoying it."

Lorraine glanced about with dis-taste. "I made it a little too fussy, I'm afraid. I believe it would seem larger, and cooler for summer, if I took down some of these drapes and threw out some of the ornaments. Funny—you have to have things awhile to find out you really don't like them even when you were sure you would. Couldn't we make cushions or quilts or something out of the curtains I decide to take out?"

"Lots of ways to use that material, all right. I'll think about it. You—you're such a comfort, Lorraine. I don't know what we'd do without you," Ma faltered.

A warm glow crept up from Lorraine's heart and blossomed in a smile on her lips.

"Oh, I'm not so much, Mums. Anyone who'll lie in bed till nearly eleven o'clock—I! It's disgusting, almost. I—I ought to be ashamed of myself!"

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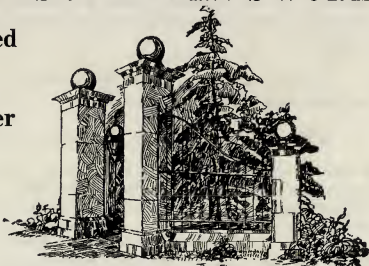
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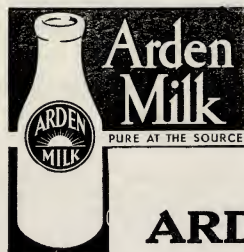
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How a Smart Fox Lost His Freedom

(Continued from page 157)

returned to where the rabbit with a leather thong around his neck was struggling from the swaying limb of a tall alder bush. The hare because of his weight hung about three feet above the ground. Crop Ear, surprised at getting such an easy meal stood upon her hind legs and quickly snipped the strangling cord from the rabbit. As soon as it hit the ground Kiyee neatly broke its neck.

Kiyee and Crop Ear soon developed a method which in its simplicity caused them to become lazy in their hunting activities. As there were about fifty rabbit jerk snares set by the two trappers along the trail, all the two foxes had to do was to flush the hares out of the brush and start them down the trail into the traps. If two or three snares caught rabbits, the foxes left them hanging by the neck until they were disposed to eat them. With this cleverness in getting game they were again well fed and sleek; but with this ease in obtaining food also came the danger of false security.

ONE mid-winter morning crisp and clear the door of the cabin opened and Jean Le Blondeau, breathing deeply, stepped out into the snow.

"Ah! But dese air she feel good. She weel be one very fine day. Hurree weeth dee breakfast, Tom. Today we go down dese lake to see dee rabbit snares we set last month. Dee rabbits weel be froze by now eef wee have good luck."

"How does everything look, Jean?"

"She look fine, Tom. Thee world ees beautiful thees fine morning."

After a hurried breakfast, the two men stepped into their snowshoes and started down the shores of the lake to their rabbit snares. As they crunched along in single file, they commented on the various small animal signs in the snow. Coming out of the heavy timber into the more open alder brush country the tracks of various small animals became more and more plentiful. Beaten rabbit trails ran in and out among the alder bushes. Occasionally the men would see the tracks of a nervous weasel dogging the trail of some luckless rabbit. After several hours of tramping through the deep snow the two trap-



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pers came upon the first of their
rabbit snares. As they approached
the snare they became aware of the
fact that the leather thong that
once held a springy limb bent and
taut was now blowing freely back
and forth in the wind. Four or five
inches of snow had covered all ani-
mal signs around the snare so at
first the trappers could not discern
what creature had broken it. At
first they thought that a wandering
lynx had committed the theft, but
as Jean brushed away some of the
snow with a snowshoe he soon un-
covered a piece of bloody rabbit fur.
Beneath this piece of fur was a well
defined fox track.

"Bah! Eet ees dat sleek fox. He
steal our snares, Tom. He rob us.
Bah!"

"That isn't bad luck, Jean. That's
good luck. Now we know just
where he is hunting. Soon we shall
catch him, Jean."

"Dat ees right, Tom. Now we
soon catch dat sleek fellar."

"He must have been pretty
hungry to rob a snare. Usually a
wild fox prefers live food."

"We now go on to dee next snare,
Tom. Maybe dat sleek fellar play
weeth dat one too."

After Jean fastened his webs to
his feet they plodded on to the next
snare.

"Why, the little sneak. He has
robbed this one too," exclaimed
Tom."

"Dat ees good. He get een to
trouble yet."

Each succeeding snare that the
two trappers visited had been rob-
bed. When they approached the
last snare they found that it was
still intact. Beside this snare stood
an old stump, the relic of some by-
gone woodchopper. Without com-
ment Tom Birden released the snare.
With an angry swish the bent limb
snapped upward. Then, pulling the
limb back to its original position over
the snare stakes, Tom baited the
loop with a rabbit that they had shot
earlier in the morning. Jean then
unslung his pack and found a num-
ber three fox trap. He cocked the
trap and laid it on the top of the
stump. Concealing the chain he
drove the spike at the end of it into
the bottom of the stump.

"Dat fox ees lazy, Tom. We
weel catch heem een two or three
weeks."

SEVERAL weeks later Ki-
yee and Crop Ear awoke in one of
their dens in a crevice beneath an
over-hanging cliff not far from
their favorite feeding grounds.
Kiyee lying with his head on Crop
Ear arose and stretched lazily. His
tiny whiskered jaws opened and he
yawned, curling a bright red tongue
between sharp little teeth. He
sleepily padded over to the opening
of the crevice and gazed out into the
great white world. Spruce and hem-
lock trees sagged beneath the weight
of new fallen snow. Over the hills
far to the southward the last rays
of the northern sun stained the
banks of fluffy snow clouds a crim-
son hue. Above the great jagged
mountains to the eastward the sky
grew cobalt, a sure sign of a cold
Arctic night.

Kiyee sniffed the frigid air
hungrily. It had been snowing for
some time and he was hungry. He
padded back into the den and
nuzzled Crop Ear with his sharp
little nose. When she did not stir,
he nipped her slightly. She awoke
and yawned, arose, stretched, and
then padded to the mouth of the cave
with her mate. Kiyee led the way
and the two foxes began their quest
for food.

Kiyee and Crop Ear worked their
way down to the shores of the lake.
Once Kiyee sat back on his haunches
and barked happily. Crop Ear an-
swered him from an adjoining
ravine. The creatures of the wilds
stirred mysteriously in the depths of
the surrounding forest. In the dis-
tance a Great Horned Owl hooted
savagely. To Kiyee's sharp ears
came the deep mournful howl of a
lone timber wolf high on the spruce
covered ridges. Over the serrated
hills to the east the golden Alaskan
moon arose in splendor.

Kiyee and Crop Ear traveled
swiftly because the snow had been
damp and now the intense cold had
deeply crusted it so that it easily
sustained their weight. They hunted
as they usually did, each one zig-
zagging back and forth across the
brush flats and meadows near the
shore of the lake. Soon Crop Ear
flushed a large Arctic rabbit but she
failed to catch him because the snow
was so hard packed that the padding
of her feet betrayed her presence.
Several times had she failed to catch
these alert creatures and now she
was exceedingly hungry. Hunting

HOW A SMART FOX LOST HIS FREEDOM

the brush flats the two foxes had now approached the vicinity of the rabbit snares. Since the two foxes were very hungry, they became slightly careless in their actions. Suddenly Kiyee caught scent of flesh. His keen nose told him that it was dead. Hunger forced him to investigate. Soon Crop Ear joined him. With her aid he discovered a rabbit hanging by its neck, swaying in the breeze. Kiyee stood upon his hind legs and tried to reach it. He failed because it was too high. He had a queer sense of foreboding so he circled around it warily. Crop Ear seemed uneasy also. Something was warning her to be careful. But both were hungry. Here was meat. Hadn't they already eaten these queer rabbits that hung themselves by the neck? Yet something warned Kiyee to be careful. Again he circled warily. Then throwing all caution to the winds he ran up the fallen log and jumped upon the stump in an effort to reach the rabbit.

With an angry metallic snap the cruel jaws of the trap closed around his front leg. He struggled frantically. He fell off the stump. He bolted and fought and still that cruel clawlike thing clung to his foot. He paused in his wild struggling. He whined pitifully for Crop Ear. She was nowhere to be seen. At the first snap of the trap she had bolted. Kiyee tried to gnaw his leg free. He struggled and fought frantically. This made his paw go numb so he ceased his wild actions and resigned himself to his fate.

THE two trappers were busy these cold days. Each day they would trek over twelve to fifteen miles of trapline. The first day they would climb the ridge and make a wide circle to the north and back to the cabin. The second day they would go around the lake to the east and west side of the lake rebaiting and resetting the traps, gathering in furs and looking for likely places to set other traps. They visited the rabbit snares about once every three weeks. This was because they always had a good supply of meat on hand. So successful were they in their work that the rafters in the fur cellar hung with many pelts of marten, lynx, wolf, mink, muskrat, a few ermine, and cross fox pelts. As yet Tom Birden and Jean Le Blondeau were not

satisfied until they caught that black silver fox with the pelt worth almost three hundred dollars.

One cold morning near the middle of January Jean Le Blondeau and Tom Birden started out to visit their rabbit snares. As they approached the trap, Jean let out a wild shout. "We got heem. Tom. We got heem."

Tom and Jean hurried to the pitiful fox, half frozen to death and terribly frightened. What were these cruel man creatures going to do now? Kiyee shuddered at the vileness of their scent. His paw was terribly numb and he was sick. Long ago he had resigned himself to his fate. He lay there straining the chain to its greatest length and looking pitifully at the two man creatures over his sharp little whiskered nose.

Jean Le Blondeau was preparing to strike the suffering fox on the nose with a short stick used in killing such animals on a trap line. Tom Birden clutched his arm, "Hey, Jean. Wait a minute. Let's catch him alive. We can build a pen for him and catch a female and raise foxes. Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Dat ees a good idea, Tom, we weel raise foxes. Why don't we theenk of dat before!"

Tom Birden then took off his coat and threw it over Kiyee. Kiyee struggled hopelessly with what strength he had left. His foot was numb. He lay panting. Tom Birden held the fox down with his coat while Jean Le Blondeau released the trap from its foot. Wrapping the fox up in the coat so that he couldn't struggle free they hurried back to the cabin.

Upon reaching the cabin they locked the fox in until they could build a pen of spruce poles. When the pen was completed they placed Kiyee in it. The captive fox paced back and forth restlessly. Kiyee had lost his freedom forever.

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MOVING MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 153)

"That means the . . . !" Bob paused significantly, a lump settling in his throat.

"The Ice!" Dan finished, his face ashen in the candle light.

"I'm afraid so," said old Spike, as he moved over and pulled the blanket back a little from the cave entrance and peered out into the howling gale a moment. Then he let the blanket fall back in place and turned.

"I had hoped the berg would drift on Southward and take us to safety, but the storm has turned her due North." He came away from the entrance and sat down on a case of canned beef. His face was a picture of deep anxiety.

"Cheer up, old top," Bob grinned, knowing the man's anxiety was for Dan and himself. "We're tough as ox-hide."

"And it tanned," added Dan.

"You might have to be to pull through this," said old Spike solemnly. "We're headed for the bleak, ice-bound fastness of the extreme Arctic regions somewhere east or northeast of the icy island of Spitzbergen."

The old seaman was silent a moment, then he resumed: "What do you boys know about the ice?" he asked.

"We've read about it," Bob returned.

The old seaman nodded understandingly, and was silent again.

BOB exchanged a long look with Dan; a look which held no mirth. Through their minds was flashing the Arctic and Antarctic Expeditions which they had read about.

There was the "British Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition" in 1914 by Sir Ernest Shackleton. With his good ship *Endurance* fast set in thousands of miles of heavy Antarctic ice; the weird flocks, miles wide, pressing continuously against her strong sides with million-ton pressures, Shackleton waited—waited—for the moment to come when his ship would crumple under the awful pressure, and the great-ice-covered ocean would become their only home. The moment came. The hull of the ship was crushed like an egg-shell. Then for months the twenty-eight men aboard, lived and fought along on the bleak, bar-

ren, gale-swept ocean of desolate ice, finally to win out to a small whaling camp and safety.

Then there was the Russian Arctic Expedition, under Lieutenant Broussilov in 1912. Broussilov's ship, the "Saint Anna," was caught in the ice in the Kara Sea. For nearly two years the doomed vessel drifted North with the ice, covering only three miles a day, until finally Broussilov dispatched fourteen men over the ice to the Southward toward some islands seventy miles away. Three of the fourteen men returned to the ice-bound ship after covering twenty-six miles. Only two of the 14 men dispatched won through. They were picked up by another expedition on the Northbrook Island months later. What became of Broussilov and his companions who stayed aboard the drifting, ice-bound Saint Anna remains a deep secret of the silent, icy wastes.

The shriek of the wind that was driving them North, interrupted the thoughts of the two boys. In the lull which followed, the ever increasing ice-floes could be heard grinding against the sides of the berg, but the icy monster plowed on, pushing the huge chunks of ice aside in the darkness with no apparent effort. Bob moved over and peered out through a crack in the blanket. All was a gray, heaving mass without. Snow stung his face. At frequent intervals great blocks of ice, snowy white, rose momentarily like gray ghosts beside their berg, only to fall away again into one of the many dark and shifting valleys on the surface of the heaving ocean.

Bob trembled at the vast display of unconquerable power. One moment the berg they were on rose upward to the giddy heights of a wave-top; to go sinking the next into a wallowing valley between.

The words from the deck-radio flashed to his fear-stricken mind: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the ends of the earth." Almost desperately Bob whispered the words. They seemed to soothe his trembling nerves; seemed to cause the heaving turmoil before him to lose some of its fearfulness.

THE VOICE of old Spike brought him away from the cave entrance.

MOVING MOUNTAINS

"Let's eat and then get some sleep, boys," he said. "This berg will plow North as long as the waves push it that way and as long as the ice remains loose."

They made a meal of sardines, bread, and canned tomatoes. Then placing the boxes of canned foods flat, and side by side along the right wall of their fifteen foot cave, they spread blankets over them for a bed.

"The boxes will keep us off the floor so the warmth of our bodies won't melt the ice under us and get us wet," explained old Spike.

Each rolling in three or four blankets, they lay down on their bed of boxes, and were soon sleeping soundly in spite of the storm. The fatigue of the eighteen hours' work on the Banaza's engine had been forgotten momentarily in the excitement of transferring themselves to the berg, but now their weariness returned, causing them to sleep quickly and deeply.

While without the storm raged on: the berg, rising and falling, climbed wave after wave. The gale howled desolately, and the huge blocks of ice-floes became steadily more

numerous. Hour after hour passed, and always, the berg plowed Northward — ever Northward — through the Arctic upheaval.

(To be Continued)

INCLINED THAT WAY

By Bess Foster Smith

I'M SURE that if someone should come along,

Inclined to be gay—
I'd soon be singing snatches of his song
For I'm that way.

But if someone should heave a heavy sigh,
Bound to be blue,
I'd soon be wiping tear drops from my eye,
I'm that way too.

And if a lover, false, should pass my way,
And leave me flat—
I would forget him too within a day,
I am like that.

But if someone should really love me so—
I knew it was true,
I'd never, never, never, let him go—
I'm that way, aren't you?

329 Calls
FOR OFFICE HELP

Is The 1935 Employment
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Every graduate has been placed in a good position, and the school has been unable to fill all the positions open.



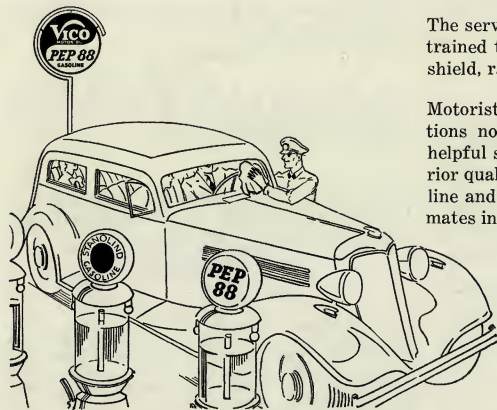
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Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

A POSTLE—the a has the same value as the a in sofa; the o is short as in the word of; the t is silent. Pronounce it in three syllables, with the accent on pos.

Gazeteer—is that part of the dictionary which gives the proper pronunciation and the location of cities, countries, rivers, and other geographical items. The a is a short one as in the word cat; the first e is like the second e in the word recent; the last two e's have the sound of the e in eat.

Gratis—meaning free should never be used with the word free as an accompaniment. It should also be pronounced with the a as in the word ate and the i as in the word it.

ERA POETRY

EXCERPT from letter sent in with request for material:
Alpine, Arizona.

Am putting forth every effort I can to make this the biggest year in the history of our ward, because people can't read the *Era* continually and not be uplifted. I read it from cover to cover and appreciate almost every word of it. The *Era* has taught me to love and appreciate poetry where teachers failed.

Sincerely,
Arville Burgess.

CHARM ARTICLES PRAISED

2025 Garnet Street
Regina, Sask.
November 28, 1935

Dear Editor:

I HAVE greatly enjoyed your articles in *The Improvement Era* entitled "The Challenge of Charm" and am wondering whether it is your intention to have these articles printed in booklet form. Each article you have written is a "Gem" and cannot help raising the standard of living and culture of those who read them.

May I suggest that you consider having these articles compiled into a small booklet, and to show my faith in the good they will do, I will hereby put in my order for twenty-five copies.

The Improvement Era is the best magazine that comes into our home and the articles are always faith-promoting, and the variety of subjects dealt with keeps one abreast of the times.

Yours very truly,
G. Gordon Whyte.

OVER THE TOP!

Dear Editor:

BROTHER A. W. GARFIELD of the Harrisville Ward, North Weber Stake, reports to this office that he has now 200% of his quota. With a quota of twenty-five he has turned in fifty-one subscriptions.

Brother Garfield reports that his ward reached its quota before *Era* Week started, and that at the start of the campaign they voluntarily changed their quota from twenty-five to fifty. He states further that all the ward Mutual officers and teachers and the Bishopric voluntarily presented him with their subscriptions without solicitation.

After receiving these subscriptions, Brother Garfield made a house to house canvass starting with the heads of the various organizations and worked down through the memberships of each organization. He reports that there are only 75 families in the ward and he has *The Improvement Era* in fifty-one of them.

J. K. Orton.

THANK YOU!

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is getting to be one of the most attractive and "readable" publications of the month. Congratulations renewed best wishes.

Lalia Mitchell Thornton.

ERA APPEALS ALSO TO NON-MEMBERS

Eastern States Mission, Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
155 Riverside Drive,
New York City, N. Y.
November 26, 1935.

Dear Editor:

ENCLOSED is a statement given to one of the *Era* directors in this Mission, Melvin M. Miller, by a man who is not a member of the Church, but who has been an enthusiastic subscriber to the *Era* for many years.

We hope it is of value to you.

Sincerely,

Oliver Smith,
Y. M. M. I. A. Supervisor.

"I have taken *The Improvement Era* for about eighteen years, and find it very uplifting, helpful, and good. The very best of Christian reading. It should be in every home. You Mormon people set the world a shining example of virtuous Christian living which might be well followed by all. "Your paper is a great opportunity to present your views to the public everywhere.

"The *Era* must be divinely inspired or it could not have endured so long and carried out so successfully its message to the World."

(Signed) Joseph T. Cressy,
Massachusetts.

ERA SENT TO U. S. AUTHORITIES

February 5, 1936.

Dear Editor:

I HAVE just sent a copy of the January *Era* to the following people:

Honorable Homer S. Cummings, the United States Attorney General.

Honorable J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation.

Honorable Clyde A. Tolson, Department of Justice.

Honorable Harold M. Stephens, our Utah Associate Justice of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

To each of these men I have called his attention to Dr. Beeley's article on page 18.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Elbert D. Thomas.

(Dr. Beeley's article "A Ten Point Program for Crime Control" appeared in the January *Era* and deserves careful reading and re-reading by all people who are concerned in lessening crime throughout the world.)

Dear Sir:

I WANT to express my most sincere appreciation for the very lovely poetry you publish each month. Some of them express truly wonderful thoughts and sentiments. I think our Gracious Father is more than pleased with them.

Sincerely yours,
Miss Clete Olson.

SECOND CHOICE. "H'm," the publisher murmured. "Your handwriting's so indistinct I can hardly read these poems of yours." "Why didn't you type them before bringing them to me?"

"Type 'em?" the would-be poet gasped. "D'you think I'd waste my time writing poetry if I could type?"—*Des Moines Register*.

Where they kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make-up.—George Storm.



One Hundred Years of Temple Building

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**APRIL ISSUE OF
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA**

Coincident with the One-Hundredth Anniversary of the
Dedication of the Kirtland Temple.

THE TEMPLE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF THE ERA WILL OFFER:

A specially prepared editorial by The Improvement Era's Editor-in-Chief—President Heber J. Grant.

A Discussion of the Century's Temple Activity, by Elder George F. Richards, President of the Salt Lake Temple.

An Article Dealing with the "Mission of the Kirtland Temple," by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, Church Historian.

Comment on a recent visit to the Kirtland Temple, by Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve.

A Special Editorial by Dr. John A. Widtsoe—Editor of The Improvement Era.

"Marriage for Eternity"—A treatment of this vitally important subject by the General Board of the Relief Society.

The History of Temples—Ancient and Modern, by Elder J. M. Sjodahl.

Youth and Temple Work—A statement of a currently important phase of Temple activity by the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

"Temple Work Helps the Living," by Elder R. B. Summerhays.

"Genealogy, An Adjunct to Temple Work," by Elder Archibald F. Bennett, Secretary of the Genealogical Society of Utah.

And

A Description of the Temple Index Bureau.

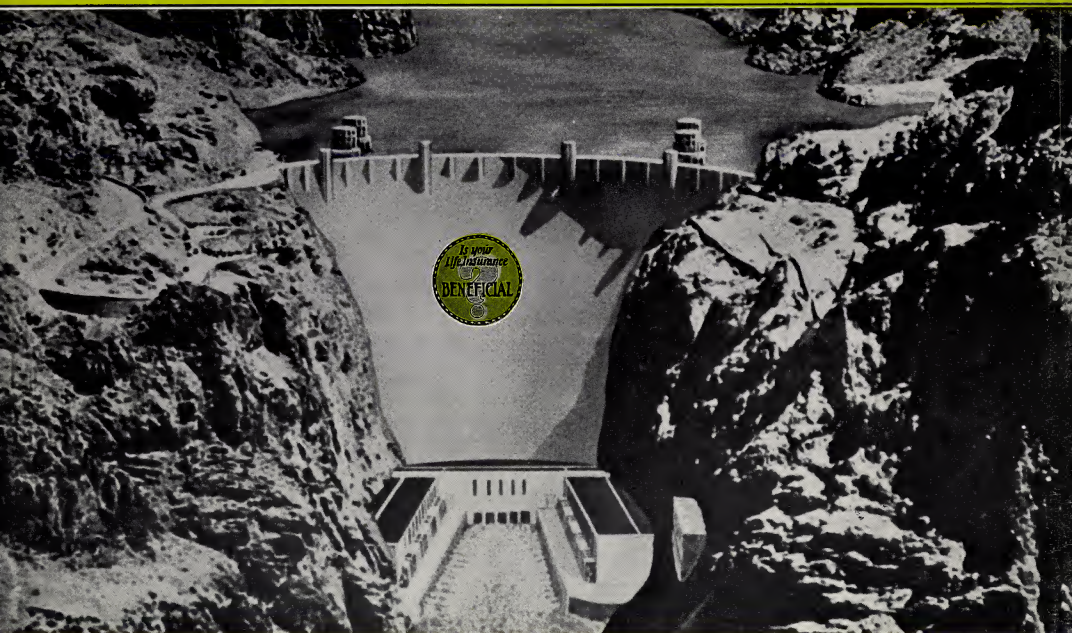
A Message from each Temple President.

Pictorial treatments of Temples—Ancient and Modern.

The April issue of **THE IMPROVEMENT ERA** will long be referred to for information and inspiration on Latter-day Temple activity.

If your friends or neighbors are not now receiving the ERA in their homes, we recommend the April issue for the beginning of new subscriptions.

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